HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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SCHOOL FOR FREEDMEN.

The "Abraham Lincoln School" for freedmen, New Orleans, was opened on the third day of October, 1865, in one of the buildings belonging to the University of Louisiana. Rev. Thomas W. Conway, then Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, obtained it of Governor Wells, on condition that another building, known as the "School of Medicine," and held by the Bureau for the use of the freedmen, should be released. Soon after this school was opened it had over eight hundred pupils, and an average attendance of seven hundred and fifty, with fourteen teachers, being the largest freedmen's school in the United States. From seventy to eighty per cent. of the pupils are of mixed blood. Up to the first of February Mr. Edwin F. Waven, a native of New York State and graduate of Yale College, was principal. His successor is Mr. M. A. Warren.

Owing to the recent change in the school system which Brevet Major-General Baird, Assistant Commissioner, has been compelled to adopt from a free system to one in which the tuition is paid by the pupil, the number of pupils has decreased to about four hundred, with eight teachers. The tuition required is $1.50 per month.

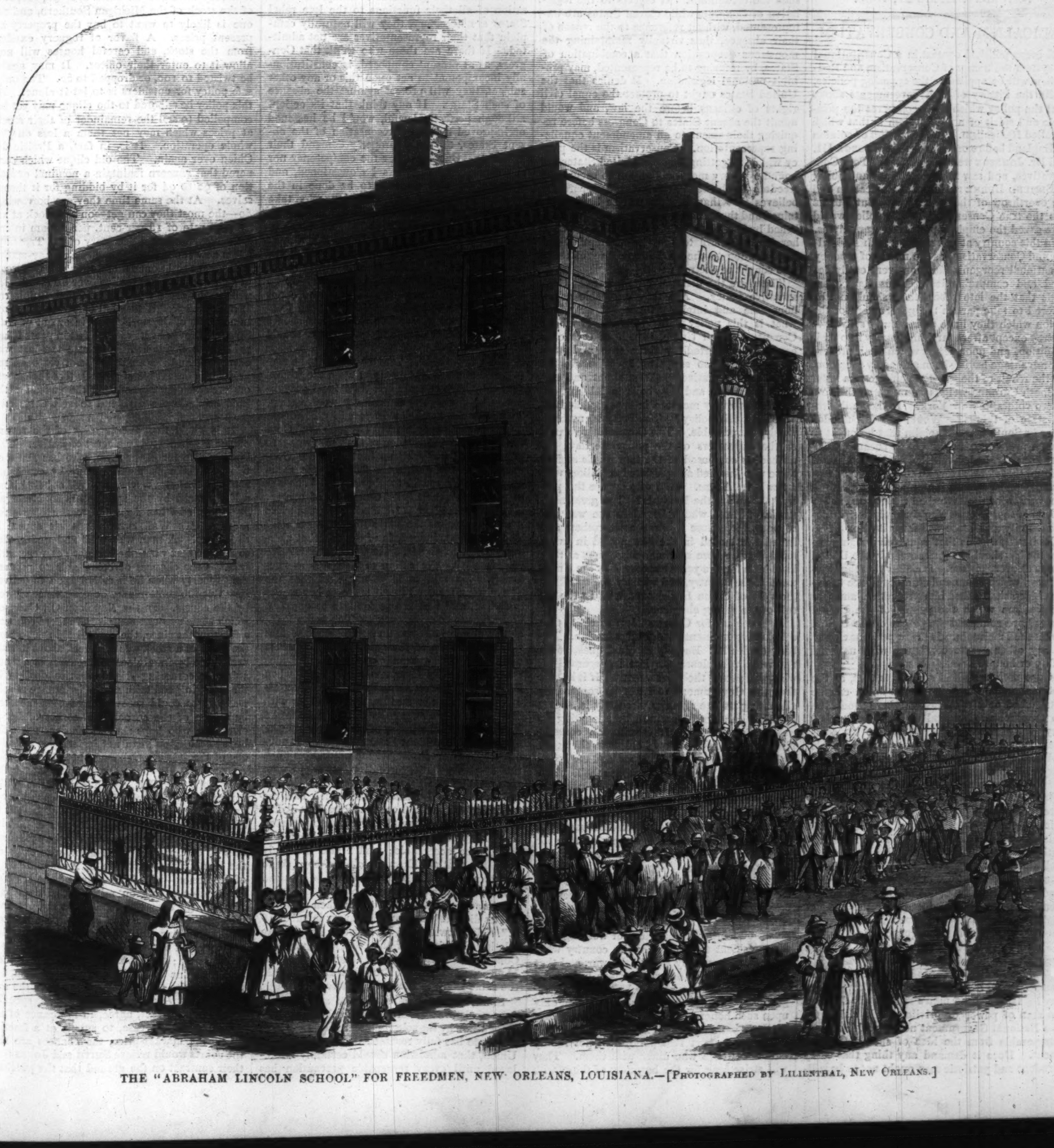
The building on the left is a part of the Medical College which has been closed during the war, but is now opened and patronized by a large number of students. In front, between the two pillars, are the teachers, while in front, and on the steps, are the pupils just dismissed from their studies.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO.

The Chamber of Commerce building, of which we give an illustration on page 253, is one of the latest of the many new and handsome public edifices erected of late years in Chicago. It is located at the southeast corner of La Salle and Washington streets, and fronts the Court-house Square.

The style of architecture is decidedly composite, the beauty and majesty of art having been made subordinate to the amount of capital stock and the prospect of future dividends. The dimensions of the main building are ninety-three by one hundred and eighty-one feet, and one hundred feet in height.

From the main door the entrance leads up a short flight of stairs to a hall which extends the whole length of the building, each side being apportioned into handsome business rooms, all of which are occupied by merchants, banks, and insurance companies. The sides of the building face respectively on



THE "ABRAHAM LINCOLN SCHOOL" FOR FREEDMEN, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.—[Photographed by Lilienthal, New Orleans.]

La Salle Street and Exchange Place. From this floor the ascent to the grand hall is by a double flight of stairs. This hall is the finest, in all its details, erected in the West. Eighteen windows throw their colored rays upon the room. Its loftiness, the harmony of the coloring, and the general character of the design are very imposing. It is elaborately adorned with frescoes, paintings, and appropriate designs. The hall is one hundred and forty-three feet by eighty-nine, and forty-four feet from floor to ceiling.

The building was erected and the site purchased by an incorporated company, known as the "Chamber of Commerce," composed of members of the Board of Trade. It cost about four hundred thousand dollars.

On Wednesday, August 30, 1865, this grand edifice was dedicated, with imposing ceremonies, to Commerce. The dedication of the building was followed by a series of festivities covering three or four days.

The Board of Trade of Chicago, to whose enterprise the city owes the successful completion of this handsome structure, is composed of about fifteen hundred members. It was organized in 1848, and then numbered less than one hundred members.

For the illustration of this building, as also for the description above given, we are indebted to the courtesy of Jevne & Almini, of Chicago, who have recently commenced the publication of a beautiful work (issued monthly, and to consist of 25 Parts), entitled "Chicago Illustrated." Chicago has made more rapid strides of progress during the last dozen years than is recorded of any city in the world's history; and the enterprise of the city is far beyond that of other cities of equal and even larger population.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 21, 1866.

RADICALISM AND CONSERVATISM.

In every political contest in a Constitutional system the names of Conservatism and Radicalism will be applied to the opposing policies, while the history of such governments shows that the policy which truly conserves the principle and spirit of a free system is that which is called Radicalism. In the conflict of opinion in England before our Revolution George III. and Dr. Johnson were the stiffest of Tory Conservatives, and saw in the doctrines and policy of Edmund Burke nothing but Radicalism and the overthrow of the monarchy. But Burke was the true Conservative. His policy would have saved the empire upon its own principles.

In this country at this moment both Radicalism and Conservatism, as the names of a policy of national reorganization, are very easily defined and comprehended. Thus Radicalism holds that the late rebel States should not be suffered to take part in the government of the Union which they have so zealously striven to destroy except after searching inquiry into their condition, and upon terms which shall prevent any advantage having been gained by rebellion. By the result of the war the suffrage of a voter in South Carolina weighs as much as the vote of two voters in New York. Is that a desirable state of things? Would any fair-minded voter in South Carolina claim that he ought to have a preference in the Union because, however honestly, he has rebelled against it? Radicalism, therefore, favors an equalization of representation as a condition precedent to the full recognition of the disturbed States, and every citizen of those States who sincerely desires national unity and peace will favor it also.

Radicalism holds that equal civil rights before the law should be guaranteed by the United States to every citizen. It claims that the Government which commands the obedience of every citizen shall afford him protection, and that the freedom which the people of the United States have conferred the people of the United States shall maintain. Is that a perilous claim? Is any other course consistent with national safety or honor?

Once more: Radicalism asserts that, as the national welfare and permanent union can be established only upon justice, there should be no unreasonable political disfranchisement of any part of the people. It denies that complexion, or weight, or height are reasonable political qualifications, and it refers to the history of the country to show that they have not always been so regarded even in some of the late slave States, and remembers that both President Johnson and his predecessor were friends of impartial suffrage. Holding this faith, Radicalism urges that while we may honestly differ as to the wisest means of securing political equality, yet that all our efforts should constantly tend, with due respect for the proper and subordinate functions of the States in our constitutional system, to protect those equal rights of man with whose assertion our Government began, and in consequence of whose denial that Government has just escaped the most appalling fate.

This is Radicalism. Is it unfair? Is it unconstitutional? Is it anarchical or revolutionary? It denies no man's rights. It deprives no man of power or privilege. It claims for the National Government nothing which is not inseparable from the idea of such a Government. Does it demand any thing that every prudent and patriotic man ought not to be willing to concede? The views of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and of Mr. Sumner, sincerely entertained and ingeniously defended as they are, are not the Radical policy. Mr. Stevens holds that the disturbed States are conquered provinces in which the land should be confiscated, as that of Ireland has been three times over without giving Ireland peace. Does any body suppose that even the House, which respects Mr. Stevens's sturdy fidelity to his own convictions, agrees with him, or that the National Union party holds his view? Mr. Sumner holds that equal suffrage should be required of the absent States as a condition of representation, and in a Radical Senate which passed the Civil Rights Bill over the veto by a vote of 33 to 15, Mr. Sumner's proposition obtained 8 votes. These gentlemen, of course, support the Radical policy, but they do not shape it. The opinions of the Union party are to be found, as President Johnson says, in the party platform. The policy of the Radicals is to be seen in the measures they adopt; and of the forty-two bills which at the time of the last veto they had presented to the President, he had signed forty.

In our present political situation Conservatism is the policy which declares that the late rebel States are already in a condition to resume their full functions in the Union, and which denounces Congress for presuming to inquire whether that opinion is well founded. It denies to Congress—that is, to the representatives of the loyal people who have maintained the Government—the authority to look behind the credentials of any man who comes from a State still panting with rebellion, and ascertain the origin and validity of the authority that issued the credentials. It objects to the legislation of Congress while eleven States are unrepresented, without reference to the reason of their absence, thus virtually maintaining the monstrous proposition that a combination of States, by refusing to be represented, may prohibit national legislation. It denies that the United States ought to protect the equal civil rights of citizens before the law, and would admit the absent States to Congress before requiring their assent to an amendment equalizing representation. Conservatism is the policy which, forgetting that the United States are bound by every moral obligation to secure the freedom which they have conferred, apparently believes that that freedom will be best maintained and the national peace most truly established by leaving those of every color who were heroically faithful to the Government during the rebellion to the exclusive mercy of those who sought to destroy it.

These are the distinctive points of the Conservative policy. Are they agreeable to an honorable and intelligent people? And of what is this policy conservative? If of the Constitution and Union, it will of course be earnestly supported by their true and tried friends. Is it so supported? Who are the present Conservatives? Who shout and sing and fire cannon and ring bells in jubilant exultation at every measure in supposed accordance with this policy? The reply is, unfortunately, unavoidable. The Conservative party, or the supporters of the policy we have described, is composed of the late rebels and of those who justified and palliated rebellion, with a few Republicans. And who oppose this policy? Who are the Radicals? The great multitude of those who believed in the war and supported it, whose children and brothers and friends lie buried in the battle-field in every rebel State, whose sentiments are now as they have been for five years expressed by the Union press of the country, and whose voice speaks in the vote of Union Legislatures and in the result of the spring elections.

It is useless for Conservatism to claim that conciliation is essential to reorganization. Nobody denies it. But the cardinal question is, not what will please the late insurgents, but what will secure the Government. If it be said that the Government can not be secured by alienating its late enemies, the reply is, that it certainly can not be secured by alienating its unwavering friends. If conciliation contemplates the filling of national offices in the South by known rebels to the disregard and exclusion of Union men, thereby rewarding rebellion and discrediting loyalty—if it proposes to leave freemen of the United States to the Black Codes of Mississippi and Carolina, and to recognize the fatal spirit of caste which has been our curse—then conciliation is simply a name for ignominy, and Conservatism may see its fate in that of Secession.

Radicalism has not a single vindictive feeling toward the late rebel States, but it does not propose to forget that there has been a rebellion. It has the sincerest wish, as it had the most undoubting expectation, of working with the President to secure for the country what the country has fairly won by the war, and that is, the equal right of every citizen before the law and the full resumption by the late insurgent States of their functions in the Union only upon such honorable and reasonable conditions as Congress might require. All reasonable men who support that policy will not lightly denounce those who differ with them. They will strive long for the harmony of those with whom during the war they have sympathized and acted. They will concede minor points of method, and bear patiently with impatient rhetoric leveled at themselves. But they will also bear steadily in mind the words of Andrew Johnson when he accepted the nomination which has placed him where he is: "While society is in this disordered state and we are seeking security, let us fix the foundations of the Government on principles of eternal justice which will endure for all time." The Radical policy was never more tersely expressed; and it will unquestionably be maintained, for it is founded in the plainest common sense and the profoundest conviction of the loyal American people.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE LATE REBEL STATES.

Those Union men who ask impatiently why Congress does not immediately admit any member from a late insurrectionary State who can take the oath do not seem to reflect that the admission of a member is the recognition that the State from which he comes has fully resumed all its rights in the Union. It is assuming the very point which Congress appointed a special committee to investigate and determine. It is the final act in the process of reorganization. The President so understands it. He said to Governor Cox, of Ohio, that when loyal representatives were admitted "the work would be done;" for, in his judgment, the States in question "were restored in all other respects."

If there are Union men who hold that no further measures precedent to complete restoration of all their functions to the late rebel States are necessary, they will naturally complain that their representatives are not admitted. If there are those who think that Congress, as at present composed, is constitutionally incompetent to act upon this or any other subject, they will protest against the absence of such States. If any think that its action, although perfectly lawful, would be hastened or improved by the representation of the absent States, they will properly demand their presence. But if neither the competency nor the capacity of Congress be questioned, and if any thing still remains to be done in the legislative work of reorganization, why take any step that may embarrass it? Those who think continued exclusion impolitic must show why, in such a situation as ours, the utmost prudence and deliberation are inexpedient. Whatever may be the feeling in loyal States, we are very sure that there is no sincere Union man in South Carolina or Alabama who is not more anxious that all possibility of peril from the readmission of Carolina to Congress should be plainly averted than that the State should be admitted.

If the disturbed States have a *right* to be represented at once, it can only be upon the ground that they have reorganized their local governments in a manner satisfactory to Congress. This was the condition imposed by President Johnson in his appointment of Provisional Governors. The Convention of the State was "to present such a republican form of State Government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." Who was to give this guaranty? Congress, of course. Has Congress given it? Until Congress gives it what claim has the State to representation? The President, indeed, is of opinion that Congress ought to give it. He goes further. He dispenses with the action of Congress as necessary. He said to Governor Cox that the States were restored in all respects but representation, and that it was too late to question their right to be represented. This is the President's opinion often and strongly stated. But still the decision of the question does not rest with him. The guaranty of the United States can be given by Congress alone; and when President Johnson virtually declares that his opinion settles the matter, that to differ with his view is to endanger the Union, and that he is carrying out the policy of his predecessor, he forgets that President Lincoln in his last public speech, after alluding to the differences upon the subject of reorganization among Union men, said of the State Government which he had erected in Louisiana, and which had the same authority with those that President Johnson has erected elsewhere, "I distinctly stated that this was not the only plan which might possibly be acceptable; and I also distinctly protested that *the Executive claimed no right to say when or whether members should be admitted to seats in Congress from such States.* The plan was in advance submitted to the then Cabinet, and as distinctly approved by every member of it." Mr. Seward, in his letter to Mr. Adams relating the history of the conference with the Confederate Peace Commissioners at Fortress Monroe, tells us that President Lincoln said the same thing to the envoys there.

Since, then, the admission of any member from a disturbed State is the final and solemn recognition by the sole competent authority that the State has fully resumed its relations in the Union, that admission should certainly be delayed until every reasonable precaution has been taken against the inevitable risks of the situation. We can not see upon what grounds those who hold that some precedent measures are still necessary urge the immediate admission of representatives from those States.

THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AFFAIR.

It was only last week that we took occasion to relate the misadventures of the leading Wall Street operator who undertook to corner the stock of the Erie Railway. Since then a much more striking corner than any he ever attempted has been successfully accomplished. A party of speculators, comprising by no means the most reputable and solvent operators of the street, have cornered Michigan Southern, and done it so effectually that the losses of the Bears have been almost without precedent. It was the old story. The cornerers bought up the whole stock of the Company. Parties who wanted to buy were offered stock seller three—that is to say, after three days. "Regular" or "cash" stock—that is to say, stock deliverable on the day of the purchase or on the following day—was not to be had. All stock lent out was called in. On 5th inst. 5 per cent. was paid for the use of stock for a single day. On 6th inst. 20 per cent. was paid in many instances. The cornering clique was willing to supply the stock at 84 seller three, while the cash price was 104 @ 107. Not even in the famous Hudson River and Harlem corners was such severe punishment inflicted on the Bears.

It is not certain that the cornerers have made any thing by the operation. It is understood that they have still on hand over $5,000,000 of the stock of the Michigan Southern, and no one is likely to want to buy the property at present prices. A flavor of roguery exudes from the stock, and careful houses will not allow it to enter their offices. It may again be twisted to 100, or dropped to 50. The only safe policy for outsiders is to let it alone. If this policy be adhered to the clique may yet be compelled to sell the remainder of their stock at prices which may net them a loss on the whole operation. It is, in fact, a Prairie du Chien over again. The old clique which cornered that concern maintain a nominal quotation of 92 @ 94 for it by bidding for it themselves. At the same time they are borrowing 40—the most they can get—on the stock at an average rate of 15 per cent. per annum interest. Whenever the Secretary of the Treasury offers new funding loans, and the money-market becomes tight once more, they will be forced to sell, and may not realize over 30 @ 35. It will be the same with the Michigan Southern. If sales be forced it may fall below 50 per cent. in a couple of days. No one, in or out of Wall Street, believes in its value. In ten years it has paid three dividends. Of these the last was borrowed, and the money has not yet been repaid. A general belief prevails that the directors are speculators, and that they would withhold or declare a dividend to suit their own purposes.

It is likely that the legality of the recent corner will be tested in a court of justice. The leading director of the Erie, who has made or tried to make so much money by cornering Bears in that stock, was outraged at being himself cornered by the speculators in Michigan Southern, and has appealed to the courts for redress. To Wall Street eyes his appeal is ridiculous. A man who sells and undertakes to deliver that which he has not got, necessarily takes the chances of being able to procure the property when he is called upon to deliver it. But the matter may be differently viewed by the courts. In the Napoleon Oil Case, of which some account was given in these columns a few months since, the courts held that, where the price of a stock was advanced above its natural value by fraudulent manœuvres of a managing or cornering clique, parties dealing in the stock in good faith and in ignorance of said manœuvres could recover any losses incurred by reason of the corner. The rule of law is clear: he who buys that which does not exist buys nothing, and can not insist upon a delivery of the thing bought. If Mr. William B. Astor buys of Commodore Vanderbilt the New York City Hall, which is not for sale, the contract is void, and Mr. Astor can recover nothing by way of damages. If Jones sells to Smith the church and church-yard of Trinity there is no sale, and nothing can be recovered by way of damages. If Smith, who owns all the land on the west side of Avenue B, buys of Robinson—who is unaware of the state of the case—ten lots on said west side of said Avenue, the courts will hold that the purchase is void, the thing sold not being in the market. In like manner, if Brown and Williams club together and buy up all the Michigan Southern in existence; then, having all the stock in their trunk, or due to them from solvent men, bid for a quantity of stock over and above the actual capital, which Smith and Jones, speculators in Wall Street, agree, in ignorance of the real state of the case, to supply at a fraction above the market-price, the chances are that the courts would relieve Smith and Jones from their contract on the ground that the purchase

was void, and that the purchasers were fraudulently minded.

If the commission brokers of Wall Street were wise they would put an end to this cornering business at once. For it is fatal to their business. No man can tell how to advise his customers, or how to save them from loss. To buy railway stocks, in view of the coming depression in business, is wild; to sell them in view of the prospect of corners in each successive stock, is insane. The only safe policy is to let stocks entirely alone, and to leave the brokers to feed upon each other. In other words, the inevitable effect of these corners is to destroy the business of Wall Street. It may be a question whether this is an unmitigated evil. There are many who will regard it as an event not devoid of advantage to the public at large. But the brokers, whose living depends upon the activity of trade in stocks, will not share this opinion, and it is a little curious that both boards should have suffered these corners to be accomplished without even an attempt to protect themselves.

Some ten years ago, before the crisis of 1857, when Europeans were investing freely in United States railway securities, it was proposed to place our leading railway stocks upon the list ot the London Stock Exchange. To the astonishment of most people here, the application was denied—on the ground that the capital of most of our companies was so small that in the event of a Bear movement it would be easy for any one of a score of rich operators in London to corner the Bears and force them to settle on their own terms. Experience proves that the Englishmen were right. It would be to the interest of the New York brokers now to strike from their list every stock that is cornered, and to establish for other stocks a clearing day, on which contracts might be settled at the price of the day without regard to the supply of stock on the street.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The Civil Rights bill declares that all persons born in the United States, and not subject to any foreign power, excluding Indians not taxed, are citizens of the United States, and that such citizens, of every race and color, "shall have the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, to be sued, be parties, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell, hold and convey real and personal property, and to be entitled to full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishments, pains and penalties, and to none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

The bill then defines the method of protecting these rights, the details of which, if imperfect, can readily be corrected. It leaves the adjustment of political privilege to the States. It does not say that a citizen shall be a voter: it says only that he shall have the equal rights of a man.

This law, which was passed by an imposing vote in both Houses, 33 to 15 in the Senate, and 122 to 41 in the House, unquestionably expresses the profound determination of the people of the United States. They conferred freedom, and they have now defined what they mean by freedom. If a man can not own property and exercise every right that springs from its possession he is not free. This truth is fully recognized by Alexander H. Stephens, at whose instance, and against the wishes of many leaders, the Georgia Legislature has passed a bill legalizing equal civil rights to the freedmen. What Georgia has wisely done for itself the United States have done for the whole country. In doing it Congress has secured one of the most legitimate results of the war, and has laid the corner-stone of enduring peace and Union.

THE CASE OF IRELAND.

Although Fenianism may not be a very imposing phenomenon, yet it is not to be forgotten that the wrongs of Ireland are not a fable, but a very tragical truth. We do not need to explore history to know so much. We have only to consider the general condition of the vast numbers of emigrants from that country to this to be very sure that there must be a radical and vital defect in the system to which they are subject, and which makes them what they are. "The Anglo-Saxon race," bitterly says the French *Opinion Nationale*, alluding to the national fast for the cattle pest, "will pray for the salvation of bulls and scourge poor Ireland." The accusation is tremendous, but to every plea of England the actual condition of Ireland must be sternly and constantly alleged.

A hundred and fifty years ago Molyneux published his "Case of Ireland Stated," and Dean Swift his "Drapier's Letters." Mr. James Godkin, a writer in the London *Fortnightly Review*, reminds us that the House of Commons could not answer Molyneux's book, so they had it burned by the common hangman, while Swift's publisher, for refusing to give the author's name, was thrown into prison. These events are typical of the English system in Ireland, and Mr. Godkin submits the case of Ireland anew.

It must be remembered that the Irish population is not of one race or faith. The pure Celts are few and feeble. The Roman Catholic nobility and gentry, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, the professional and mercantile classes, with most of the land-owners, belong to the British connection. The "dangerous class" is not the original Celt, it is the Catholic peasantry in the better part of the country who are of mixed race. It is in the most English counties of "the pale" that the chief discontent is found, and if the quarrel were to be settled among the Irish themselves, the Irish of British race, according to our author, would remain masters. It was in these English counties, where Irish had not been spoken for ages, that the rebellion of '98 against the British Government raged most fiercely. The population is energetic, self-reliant, and asks only for just government and fair play for industry.

The Irish priests spring from the people. Their interests are those of their flocks. Educated upon the Continent, which is covered with the monuments of their Church, or at home pondering the ancient power of their faith, the priests paint to the people the wrongs of their Church, which is proscribed and persecuted. Before the eyes of those people are the painful contrast of the ruins of the old cathedrals with the modern Episcopal chapel and its well-endowed rector preaching to his congregation of twenty souls, while a thousand of the faithful and traditional Church kneel upon earthen floors in their rude house beyond. These contrasts are deepened in effect by the traditions of alienated estates, of martyred bishops, of the long, desperate struggle for freedom, and the black penal code. The passionate power of priestly appeals upon such points to such people can be imagined.

Most of the land in Ireland has been confiscated three times, and as joint rights of ownership were disregarded the land titles are hopelessly confused. As the tenant farmer by his own outlay increases the yield of the ground the absentee landlord increases his rent and refuses long leases. Small farmers have abandoned the struggle. Large farmers throw land out of cultivation because of the greater profit of grazing. There is, therefore, no steady demand of agricultural labor; in large districts there are no resident gentry or capitalists; and the mass of the agricultural and laboring classes are hostile to the Government, which is represented to them by noble absentee proprietors, who make attorneys their agents, and pay them a per-centage upon the rent they can extort.

The hostility of races and of religions has never been fiercer than in Ireland, but it is not greater than that of the native septs or clans before the Reformation. The Pope supported the King of England and the King's Irish against the rest of the Irish population until the King turned Protestant, when the Pope went over to the "Irish enemy." The terrible civil wars continued, and hatred, suspicion, and contempt were embodied in the English laws for Ireland, until the late Lord Lyndhurst, the Tory Chancellor, described the Irish Catholics as "aliens in blood, language, and religion." He would more truly have expressed the Conservative feeling even of his own time and the last generation had he said enemies instead of aliens.

But during the last half century England has been trying slowly to atone for the melancholy misgovernment of Ireland. The Tory or Conservative party, which never forgets and never learns, which thinks that the British Constitution is gone if a law is reformed which hangs a starving man for stealing a hen, which has brought England to the verge of civil war more than once in this century, of course resisted and resists. The safety of the British empire, as of every constitutional government, lies in the defeat of the Conservative Tory policy. As an Opposition such a party is useful; as a Government it is perilous. It opposed Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Corn Law repeal. It has opposed every vital reform demanded by the condition of England. The problem in Ireland will be solved by the English liberals. An actual religious and political equality and a change in the land tenure must be achieved before Ireland can rest, or England either. The key-note of English as of American liberalism—the secret of peace and welfare—is Justice.

AMNESTY.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, who held quite as firmly to the Southern doctrine of State Sovereignty as Jefferson Davis, was released from Fort Warren during the last autumn, and was lately elected Senator in Congress by the Georgia Legislature. On the 22d of February he made a speech accepting the office and exhorting his neighbors to patient acquiescence in the results of the war. It was unquestionably wise to release him, to suffer him to live at home, and to give good advice to the Georgia Legislature. But surely it is a whimsical injustice to deprive his late associate executive officer of "the Confederacy" of the same opportunities. Why should not Jefferson Davis be allowed to acquiesce and to urge acquiescence? His offense was no greater, if more conspicuous, than that of Stephens; and treason, if they were guilty of it, can not be made "odious" by imprisoning the one and countenancing the other.

Mr. Raphael Semmes, also, who commanded the *Alabama*, and who made war upon the United States after his surrender, has been unconditionally released by the President of the United States. Mr. Semmes was very successful in his raids by sea upon the ships of loyal merchants. He must have destroyed property to the amount of many millions of dollars. Mr. C. C. Clay, on the other hand, was very unsuccessful. His raids by land were generally abortive, although planned upon the most comprehensive scale. We do not complain, under the circumstances, so far as they are known, that Mr. Semmes goes free, but why is Mr. Clay kept in jail?

We presume that these facts foretell a general amnesty. To hold Davis and Clay while Stephens and Semmes are released is unjustifiable. To undertake to try Davis is folly. It would be the trial of the Government. Does any loyal man wish to submit the validity of the war to the verdict of twelve chance men in Richmond? If Davis should be convicted of treason, nothing is settled. If he should be acquitted, the Government becomes ridiculous and the war is condemned. No trial can affect the public judgment of his course. Whatever the result, loyal men would retain their opinion and disloyal men theirs. If convicted, he would not be hung, for if there were any danger of the execution of such a sentence the most loyal men in the land would be the most earnest intercessors for his pardon. No constitutional Government was ever strengthened by hanging its enemies after a war in which it was victorious, and no blood shed upon the scaffold for political offenses has ever yet stained the purity of our national garments.

But while the conspicuous individual leaders in the great rebellion, like Davis, Stephens, Lee, Semmes, Clay, and others, instead of being pursued with rigor, are suffered, and wisely suffered, to go with no other penalty than the feeling with which the authors of so much misery will always be regarded by patriotic men, it is all the more important that every reasonable step should be taken to destroy the conditions which so fatally favored their conspiracy. That is the work in which Congress is engaged, and in which it is supported by the sympathy and prayers of those who have saved the country.

"CONSERVATIVE" WISDOM.

The last suggestion of the "Conservatives" is worthy of those who denied the authority of the United States to "coerce" rebels, and who declared the war a failure. It is simply that the President is not bound to execute a law which he considers unconstitutional—in other words, that the President may dispense with the laws.

The simple truth is, that the President takes an oath to "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." The Constitution provides that when the President objects to a law, upon constitutional or other grounds, he is to return it to the House in which it originated, and that House shall proceed to reconsider it. "If," says the Constitution, "after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that House, it shall become a law."

If the President's conscience forbids him to fulfill his oath and execute the law, he may do what some Commissioners did under the Fugitive Slave Law—he may resign his office.

The "Conservatism" which, by the mouth of Mr. Garrett Davis, suggests to the President to refuse to recognize the Senate of the United States, and by the Chicago *Times* exhorts him to turn Congress out of the Capitol, naturally proposes, by the New York *World*, that he shall disregard his oath. A "Conservatism" which considers Congress "a Rump" easily discovers it to be an impertinence, and the will of the President the sole government of the country, without perceiving that if Congress be a Rump, the President, who was elected by exactly the same votes, is no less a fragment.

And these are the oracles who roll up their eyes at "revolutionary" radicals.

Mr. JAMES M. SCOVEL.

As the name of Mr. James M. Scovel will probably never be heard of again, it is instructive to note why it was ever heard of at all. He was a Union Senator in the New Jersey Legislature. The Union Senators were eleven in number, and the Opposition ten. When the seat of Mr. Stockton in the United States Senate was vacated, a proposition was made in the New Jersey Senate to go into joint convention for an election. Mr. Scovel voted with the friends of Mr. Stockton against it, and refused to vote for a Convention, unless the Convention would agree to nominate a person whom he should propose. Why the whole body of Unionists in the Legislature should yield their preference to Mr. James M. Scovel that gentleman failed to state. He declared with great solemnity that he was very honest, while nobody doubted that the others were so. The passage of the Civil Rights Bill over the veto apparently depended upon the Senator to be elected in New Jersey, but Mr. Scovel declined to yield, and reiterated that his honesty was truly phenomenal. Fortunately the vote of New Jersey was not necessary to pass the bill, but that State has lost one of the fairest fruits of her noble victory of the autumn—a Union Senator of the United States—because Mr. James M. Scovel, elected as a Unionist, refused to vote for the candidate selected by the whole body of Union men. He was not bound to vote for a man whom he did not approve, but he was bound not to prevent others from voting for their chosen candidate. He had no right to insist that every Union Senator and Representative in New Jersey should submit to his sole dictation; and it is because of his betrayal of an honorable political trust that the name of Mr. James M. Scovel was noted for a week, and will not be heard of again.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

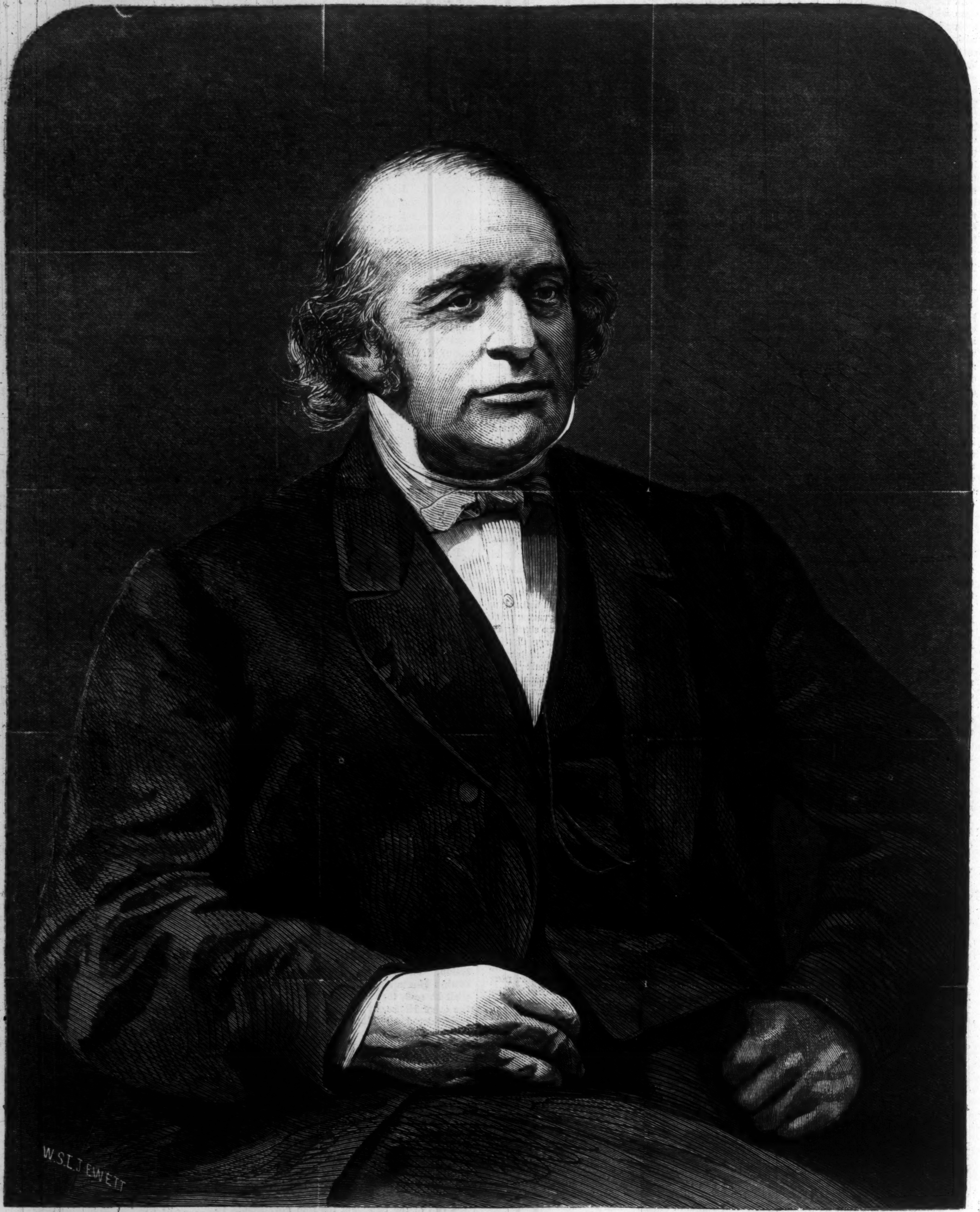
One of the most important items in the relation of food to health is the regulation of its quantity. This seems to be very well done, for the most part, where it is left entirely to the instinct of the animal and the amount of supply furnished by nature; for we have no evidence that wild animals commit errors as to the quantity of their food. It is otherwise with domesticated animals, for their habits are modified more or less by man's control over them, and the supply of their food is not regulated by nature. Errors of diet are often committed by them. You may make your canary-bird or your dog sick with too much of rich food; your horse may be injured by eating from a grain-bin, or your cattle by getting into a corn-field. In the case of man himself the indications of nature are very apt to be overruled by his inclinations and notions—shall we say his judgment? If so, his judgment is often at fault.

What prompts us to eat? It is what we call hunger—a sensation about the cause and seat of which there has been much speculation. Its seat is certainly, for the most part at least, in the stomach; and its cause is the want of more nutrition in the system, this want being expressed by the sensation which it occasions. The greater, therefore, is the want the more intense is the sensation, as we see in the imperative hunger which sometimes appears in convalescents who have been much emaciated by disease. This sensation is often removed by other things besides food. Sudden bad news may, by its influence on the stomach through the nervous system, destroy it. Filling the stomach with indigestible substances will remove it, or rather overpower it by producing another sensation there, as is done by the dirt-eaters, and sometimes in experiments on animals.

When food removes hunger it is not by the supply of the want of the system, for the effect comes long before the nutritive part of the food can be conveyed to where it is wanted. It results from the sensation occasioned by the presence of the food and the commencement of the process of digestion. What is this sensation? Is it a sense of fullness? Many eat till there is even an oppressive sensation of this kind. But this comes after one has passed clear beyond the sensation that betokens a sufficiency of food—the sensation of satiety, as we may term it. This is quite as definite as its opposite, hunger, and it is a reliable indication. It is not a mere extinguishment of hunger, but it is a positive sensation of a somewhat compound character. There is a feeling of satisfaction, with some, but slight, sense of fullness. It is sometimes claimed that we should stop short of this, and not absolutely extinguish our hunger; but this would be a disobedience of an obvious indication of nature, and the result would be insufficient nutrition of the system, and consequent feebleness and disease.

This sensation is not an adequate guide in regard to the amount of food, unless the circumstances under which we take it are properly regulated. It may fail us if we eat too rapidly. The feeling of satiety will not come at the proper moment if the food be thrown into the stomach partially masticated and scarcely moistened with the saliva. The bare sense of fullness would then be our chief guide, and there is danger of eating too much. It may fail us also if too much be made of the pleasure of the palate by variety of dishes and courses, although we do not decry a due regard to gratification in taking our food.

There should be more attention paid to the cultivation of correct tastes in regard to food. There should not be the alternation which we often see between poor living and such provision as presents extraordinary temptations to gormandizing. The fruits of the different seasons should more commonly make a portion of our daily meals. There should be more uniformly good cooking of ordinary articles, and less of the usual making up for deficiency in this by a variety of luxuriously prepared food. Good bread and well-cooked meats are much less common than is supposed, even where there is a profuse display of the nick-nacks of cookery, which serve both to deprave the tastes and produce disease. Richness—the richness of nature—with plainness and simplicity, should be the main object in the appointments of the table. Undue variety should be avoided, for this leads to going beyond the sensation of satiety, and a more or less oppressive fullness is apt to be the limit of eating.



PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.—[Photographed by A. Sonrel, Boston.]

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

The President of the United States referred in his inaugural to the warm reception, by the monarch of Brazil, of the scientific party now exploring that portion of South America. It is believed that this is the first time that a Chief Magistrate of our nation has called attention to any exploration of a nature so purely private in its inception and in its execution. Professor Agassiz is the head of that expedition, and such is the remarkable career and character of the man that his new researches have not only merited mention by the President of the United States, the enthusiastic co-operation of the Emperor of Brazil, and the deepest interest of scientific men in Europe and America, but the general public manifest in his movements as great solicitude as if he were engaged in enterprises of great official as well as national importance. His discoveries on the Amazon have called renewed attention to the man who belongs to both continents. Born in Switzerland, he is an adopted son of the United States. Several cantons have claimed him in his native land, and our own Longfellow has added not a little to the confusion in the popular mind when, in his beautiful "Ode to Agassiz on his Fiftieth Birthday," written in 1857, he says:

"It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud
A child in its cradle lay."

The fact is, that Louis John Rudolph Agassiz was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in a little corner of the Canton Friburg, Switzerland, not far away from the cantons of Neuchâtel, Berne, and Vaud. His father and five immediate ancestors were clergymen of the Protestant faith. His mother, who still lives, was remarkable for her talent and acquirements. His education was of that complete kind which is open to every one in the excellent schools of Switzerland; but his tastes, influenced by Rev. Mr. Fivas (now a resident of New York), turned in the direction of natural science. The colleges of Bienne, Lausanne, and Zurich in Switzerland, witnessed his early triumphs in the classics, in general scientific attainments, and in the particular study of medicine—his early chosen profession. He completed his academic course in the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich. Later, in Vienna and Paris, he enjoyed the association and friendship of Humboldt, Cuvier, Hyrtle, and others.

While he was yet in his teens the first Emperor of Brazil took the Austrian Archduchess Leopoldina, the sister of Marie Louise (the first Napoleon's second bride), to share with him the throne at Rio de Janeiro. Then it was that the monarch of Bavaria sent a corps of scientific men to Brazil, chiefly directed by Martius and Spix. Agassiz was not yet of age when this expedition returned; but when Spix, to whom was intrusted the zoological portion, suddenly died, there was no one in Europe whom Martius found capable of classifying the fishes of Brazil except the young Swiss, who had devoted more close attention to ichthyology than any other man living. The work was published in Latin, and it instantly placed Agassiz in the first rank of authorities. From that time to this the scientific world has been surprised and overjoyed at contributions to science on a variety of the most difficult questions in nature, which required years of the most devoted study merely to arrange preliminaries before publication. The most varied

as well as the most accurate knowledge and study are displayed in these works. The late Professor Ampère, of the Sorbonne, Paris, wrote in 1851 that Professor Agassiz was the only man living, and one of the few who have ever existed, who had "made himself master of four sciences." Dr. Manuel Pacheco da Silva, President of the Pedro II. College at Rio de Janeiro, recently made, in the *Jornal do Commercio*, a resumé of the works of Agassiz, with comments thereon; stating that any one who reads "The Fishes of Brazil" will find that it is a work upon which any one might rest his reputation; that a close examination of the second publication of Agassiz—"The Natural History of the Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe"—is a work so complete that any other man would have considered it his *magnum opus*; that his third great treatise—"Fossil Fishes"—for which his preliminary studies were during seven years of most arduous study, and which were ten years in publication, is a monument of research and genius such as the world has rarely seen, leading through the most abstruse and intricate regions of zoology, geology, and paleontology, to a new classification, which is recognized by all the leading geologists of the world; that his minor works on the Echini, on living and fossil shells, and several other subjects, were enough to satisfy the ambition of ordinary men; that his "Studies on the Glaciers," and his *Systême Glaciaire*, results of years of arduous investigation and long exposure on the highest Alps, and on the great glaciers of the Oberland and Mont Blanc, did more than any other of his works to revolutionize the former theories concerning the remote period of our globe when the great snow-storm covered tropic as well as arctic zones. "Surely," says Dr. Pacheco da Silva, "no one would have looked for other volumes from this great and prolific man; but no sooner does he reach the United States than the New World calls forth new efforts, and we looked upon his contributions to the Natural History of the United States as the final and monumental work of this capacious mind; but now we see him investigating the rich field of Brazil, and we feel that *finis* has not yet been written to the efforts of his genius."

Professor Agassiz came to our country in 1846. He was then Professor in the College of Neuchâtel, and visited the United States to study the aspects of nature here. We all remember the enthusiasm created by his lectures. Two years later, duty indicated plainly to the Professor that the New World was to be the field of his labors. The Professorship of Zoology and Geology in the scientific school in Cambridge is filled by Agassiz. The magnificent Museum of Comparative Zoology is wholly his creation in its inception, plan, and execution, and has excited the envy of Europe. It has a national importance, and in completeness and extent is the first in the world.

In March, 1865, Professor Agassiz left our shores with a corps of scientific men to explore the virgin fields of Brazil. Already this expedition, endowed by the munificence of Nathaniel Thayer, Esq., of Boston, has produced abundant fruits. The enthusiastic reception by the Emperor of Brazil, and by the people of that Empire, and the co-operation of the Brazilian Government, are grateful to our nation, which is now more closely united to the most stable Government in South America. The results of Professor Agassiz's expedition will, like all his works, redound to the advancement of science and to the promotion of a truthful understanding of the great phenomena of tropical nature.

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INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XV.

At the same hour in which Brother Barker is preaching the Gospel—according to Jefferson Davis—at the Pines, Edward Arthur is preaching another Gospel—that according to the Lord Jesus Christ—in his church in Somerville. And he and his comparatively few hearers know that he has got such a grasp upon the very substance and essence of that good news to men as he never had before. Yes, he, and multitudes like him at the South, in ever deepening despair of things human in these days, are looking to the Gospel and to the living God, of whom that sacred paper is but the transparent drapery, with an ever-increasing singleness and intensity to which all previous experience is tame indeed.

"It's the last time, the very last time, you catch me a-hearing him," Mrs. Warner had remarked a few Sabbaths ago as she walked her portly husband home from church. "Yes, I know it, I did say before this I never would go again, and I haven't been, you well know, for ever so long. But I thought that to-day, Thanksgiving Day for our glorious victory over M'Clellan, he certainly would come out for the Confederacy, and be down at last upon the Yankees. And look at it. All that sermon of his to-day only a-trying to prove what terrible sinners *we* are instead, telling over all our sins. Not one word about the vile wickedness of the Yankees."

"Why he said, Helen," ventured the Doctor, "that, whatever were the human instruments of chastisement employed, the Almighty would deal in strictest justice with them as with us. You see he wants us to look more at that for which we are being punished than at the punishment itself; he says that if we do not we will be more and more punished by Him until we do.

GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

For one," added the Doctor, rashly, "I agree with Mr. Arthur entirely!"

But the Doctor never would have said this save from the warmth of just having heard the sermon.

"It's his influence has ruined you; he's a traitor, a Yankee, a vile Abolitionist!" says Mrs. Warner, and so decidedly that Alice Bowles, walking home alone from church, can not choose but hear. "Always insisting and insisting upon our sins," says Mrs. Warner, "as if we are not a million times better than the Yankees. Talking, too, about the Almighty, as if *He* had any hand in this wicked war upon us—it's awful! Look here, Dr. Warner," adds his wife in a sudden change of tone, as a light breaks on her, "I've got it now! The one great sin the South is being punished for is Slavery. That's his idea. Ah, bah. Yes, oh yes, I see! The Almighty is so angry with us because we own slaves he is using the Yankees to chastise us—*chastise* us, as if they could do it!—for that."

"Has he ever said so?" begins the Doctor.

"Hah, I remember now. That's why he has never preached a sermon—never, on the Bible command to us to hold slaves. Brother Barker—why there's not one preacher I know of but has done so often. Exactly!"

"I am astonished at you, Helen," says Dr. Warner, a new light, of somewhat different hue, breaking on him also. "You well know he has often urged on us—taking the institution for granted—to instruct our negroes—"

"Wants us to see to it that they are actually married and all that—as if a negro ever does more than take up with a husband or wife for a while; and as if virtuous white ladies were going to meddle in such things! Catch me! Something about the duties of negro parents to their children too. Parents! I tell you, Dr. Warner," adds his clear-spoken partner, "all such stuff is inconsistent with the institution. To preach it is to preach Abolitionism, that's all. It may deceive you, but it can't deceive me, so I tell you. And that he, a Southern man, that has lived here so long—"

Dr. Warner walks with drooped head beside his wife while she is exhausting herself upon the subject. Not that he hears a word she says. That Sunday morning when his pastor announced his settled purpose to confine himself exclusively to his Spiritual duties comes up before him. People agreed that was a pastor's only true course then—now it is disloyal. Mr. Arthur's is a peculiar position. Once, at least, during the week, the bell of every other church in Somerville summons the congregation to a special prayer-meeting for the success of the Confederacy; alone of the churches Mr. Arthur's remains closed, his bell silent. The only exception to the preachers in and around Somerville, and there are a great many of them, one never sees him on the streets laughing and shaking hands over the last glorious news, or clapping and stamping at the public meetings. Not once has he even been seen at the aforesaid prayer-meetings, where Sam Peters prays till he can only gasp for the swift and utter destruction of the Yankees. "By the sword, Lord, by the yellow fever, Lord. Like Gideon's foes, by one another, Lord; any way, good Lord, any way, every way, so that thou only out of thy unwasting fullness speedily destroy them!" Where Brother Barker, too, rises in prayer to such heights of expostulation as well as entreaty as he had never dreamed of even at the climax of the most successful of camp-meetings. All the "putting down, O Lord," Brother Barker clamors for these days is the "putting down of our thrice fiendish foes!" All the "saving" he supplicates is the "saving our new, our young, our great, our glorious Confederacy, even thine own peculiar people, O our God!"

Yes, it is a trying time for Mr. Arthur, these days.

"He's a lie, it isn't a political matter at all," Sam Peters says in reference to this speckled bird in the flock, "the very existence of Christianity at all on this continent is involved in the success of the Confederacy!" and that is the first article in the Creed—ah, you may deny it now; you know it was then—of every religious Secessionist at the South. But, in the rising tide of the times, friend after friend has been swept away from Mr. Arthur, some fled North, some gone to the war in reality, some gone to the war, from him at least, in heart.

His congregation wanes from Sabbath to Sabbath. In pastoral visits among the few that remain, even among some as heartily opposed as he at the outset to Secession, he hears, "Well, I was opposed to the thing at the beginning as much as a man could be, but now that we *are* in it"—and so on to the "last ditch" with the "black flag" waving over it! Such a forgetfulness of all principle in the matter, such an utter abandoning yourself to the current simply because it *is* a current. And that current is Lethe itself as to the Past. It matters not a straw how sincerely good Mr. Ellis, and thousands like him, once believed it to be a great sin; "now we are in it; now, you see, we *are* in it!" is the magical formula, and, presto! off you are gone, soul as well as body, with the movement.

A trying time for the man. There are many as clear and as firm, too, as he, but, unlike them, he can not shut himself up in his office, bury himself in the furrows of his farm, occupy and conceal himself behind his counter. He is before the public every Sunday, peculiarly before them on the often recurring Thanksgiving and Fast days. Somerville has forgotten a good many people, but he is too much before it for that. An annoying Elijah, who will not even hie himself away in the seclusion of Cherith and Sarepta, but is perpetually in Ahab's path.

By slow degrees, keenly as it hurt him at first, he is becoming used to people passing him without speaking, to the cold words and colder manner of those who were once his friends. On what pretext resign? Where go if he should? What occupation can he, a man under ban, follow? He has no capital to become a merchant, no farm to be a farmer, as objectionable a teacher as he is a preacher. Let him resign to-day, before to-morrow Brother Barker will himself see to it that he is conscripted. All he can do is to continue in his present line of duty. He wonders, Is the delusion in myself or in the mass around me! Ignorant and educated, sanguine and phlegmatic, silent and talkative, violent and mild, the avowedly wicked and the devotedly pious—the fermentation is seething all men into oneness of opinion, feeling, speech. Alas! for Edward Arthur, he is only petrifying in his isolation.

Look at good Mr. Ellis. There is almost nothing left in his store these days for sale. His last calicoes went off at two dollars a yard. Mrs. Bowles bought his last bolt of domestic at one dollar and seventy-five cents. He did have shoes at ten dollars, none now. His shelves display only empty boxes, bottles of hair oil, stone jugs, patent medicines, and an amazing number of mouse-traps. Any quantity of coffee mills, but they are only a mockery, coffee selling at two dollars a pound. But not a cent cares Mr. Ellis. His main object in opening his store in the morning is to hear what people—dropping in during the day to ask for articles they won't get—have to say upon the one topic, while, leaning against his empty shelves, he exchanges instead of goods his own freshest hopes in return.

"Goods? No, Sir; and, for one, I intend getting few or none from abroad hereafter. I hope to sell nothing that is not made within the Confederacy. In a short time, Sir, we will have achieved our independence in every sense of the word."

Piety develops in a man the faculty of hope, and the vigor of Mr. Ellis's hope has reference to the Confederacy, and is amazing. His son Henry writes gloomy letters from the army and he rebukes him therefor, ignoring to every one and to himself every thing not encouraging to "the South." The paper he reads several times over on its arrival, with what heated unbelief in its discouraging items, with what magnifying fervor in its encouraging ones. The least thistledown of a rumor of the latter kind is a solid satisfaction for, at least, the passing moment. He eagerly repeats it to customers calling in on vain search for axes or nails or pins. An iron-clad navy arrived at Wilmington for the South, a civil war already broken out at the North, European intervention—his sincere belief in the news satisfies all who hear it from him that it must be even so. Whoever else is absent from any war meeting Mr. Ellis is not; his sincere face giving moral sanction to the proceedings otherwise rather vindictive, not to say profane. It is singular, though, that he is not a more regular attendant on the prayer meetings; there is a spirit in the remarks and the prayers thereat from which, in spite of himself, he winces and shrinks. The religiousness of Mr. Ellis's belief in the Confederacy disquiets his pastor more than any thing else—all Mr. Ellis's piety running so swiftly in that one channel in these days.

But the two rarely meet now. "He knows my sentiments perfectly well; how can he be so cordial with me—not cordial—so full rather of a struggling respect and esteem for me still?" the pastor asks himself, wondering whether he will see his former friend at church next Sunday or no. Is it possible deep down in his soul he knows I am right? Mr. Arthur muses upon it, till one Sabbath Mr. Ellis disappears with his family from church.

Perhaps Robby Sorel may have had an unconscious share in this last step. Not a more modest, quiet, sober little fellow than Robby; but, to say nothing of his mother, he has by this time become exceedingly attached to Mr. Arthur, who teaches him at home, and makes a companion of him in all his excursions, his heart yearning doubly over Robby in his state of banishment, and being repulsed from almost every one else. As with the children of all Union people, Robby has a great deal to bear in the way of abuse. That his mother and Mr. Arthur are Yankees, Abolitionists, and traitors he is told almost every time he is sent into Somerville on an errand. But when Charley Ellis, about his own age, becoming rapidly the very bad boy which the children of pious parents sometimes do become, heaps cursing and abuse upon him, about this time, as a "whitewashed negro," with a great deal more in reference to Mr. Arthur and his

THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE.

mother, Robby's wrath bursts forth, and, as much to his own surprise as that of Charley Ellis, he gives this latter a sound drubbing. Of course Mr. Ellis hears only his son's, or rather his son's mother's version of the matter; that, with Charley's blackened eyes, settles the matter. Only he will not put it on that ground with Mr. Arthur.

"The prayers he offers are precisely those he might put up in a Boston pulpit: I can not stand it," says Mr. Ellis. Not that he has any more fancy for Brother Barker and the like for all that. For the present Mr. Ellis and family, his children withdrawn from Sabbath School, are adrift upon the world.

"I wonder whether I would be as dumb upon political matters in the pulpit if I was where I could speak?" said Mr. Arthur to himself, next morning as he rode home from his bath, feeling fresh and strong. "And *is* it an hypocrisy for me to put my position on the ground that it is the duty of ministers to abstain from politics?"

"You and your fellow-preachers of the same sentiments are in somewhat the same case here at the South that the preachers of the Democratic party are at the North," says Mr. Ferguson, to whom, in Guy Brooks's office the same day, Mr. Arthur propounds his case. "Were you and your like at the North they at the South, to say the least, the temptation upon you as upon them to speak out would be tremendous. Eh? I dare say you would be among the loudest, most violent of them all—a perfect Barker. It is only human nature, man," says the Scot.

"My convictions," moans the minister, "are so very clear and strong; so very much to so many is at stake; and, then, the question is so largely a moral, in fact a religious, one! Yet surely a minister should be exclusively—"

"Oh, never mind about that," breaks in the lawyer. "You are occupying the only position you can now;" and Guy Brooks continues an interrupted denunciation of the new Stay Law.

"And there is conscription," begins the Scotchman.

"The most awful violation of State Rights—the most unconstitutional thing!" burst out the lawyer.

"You must not say that; you know our Supreme Court is unanimous against you. By-the-by," continues Mr. Ferguson, "I had a visit last night from a man on land business—wanted to buy land—as if I would exchange my solid acres for his worthless paper-money! He was telling me about a District Judge in our sister State—a long story. Being a Yankee and in office he decides instantly, eagerly, that conscription is constitutional. They wanted to argue before him the question of Martial Law, as now existing in every village over the State. 'Not one syllable, gentlemen,' he said; 'my mind is already made up—Martial Law is constitutional also.' And if that gang at Richmond had enacted Polygamy it would have been the same. Poor fellow! I know all about it: at the beginning of Secession, too thoroughly informed in head and heart not to know its diabolical nature and consequences, he winced and shrank. In, however, he went at last, under the terrible pressure, desperately; now he stops at nothing, of course. My land-seeker told me the poor fellow is thinned to a ghost—you can read his misery in his face—he can not sit still a moment—in and out of every group he comes upon, seeking consolation and finding none. Like Milton's Satan he can not fly himself, however. I've put my man's information in my collection, adds he, laying his broad palm on the vast volume in question lying on the table beside him; "and you mark my words, Sirs," continues the grim Scot, "if I do not have to complete that person's history with an account of his suicide I am more mistaken than I was ever before in my life."

"I suppose you have that printed list of those who have not paid their War tax," asks the lawyer—"the one pasted up in the Court-house?"

"In my collection? Yes, Sir, my name leading the list. There has not been a matter relating to Secession in my reach that is not there. That collection, Sir, is nothing to laugh at—it is material of profound philosophical study. The regular steps of Secession toward despotism are perfectly beautiful, illustrating the invariable working of moral law as the rainbow does the natural laws of light. Stay law, exemption of the rich from military service, martial law, conscription, prostituted press, terrorism—we will soon get on to currency utterly depreciated, then impressment of property and negroes, terrible military executions to prevent desertion, State militia passed into the hands of the Richmond gang—"

"What raving madness!" breaks in the lawyer, rising from his seat in desperation. "We seceded for what?"

"For our share of the Territories, and they are gone; for State Rights, and they are gone."

"For Slavery, and it will soon be gone, too. *Quem deus vult perdere*—a hackneyed old proverb, Mr. Arthur. You cut loose from the Union," continues the Scotchman, "and sail off on the one bottom of Slavery! Beautiful experiment, *experimentum crucis*, as Bacon calls such; Faraday, with a broad, clean counter before him, never tried a neater, completer one in Natural Philosophy. The idea, you see, is to eliminate Slavery from all that has hitherto been mixed with it, to see how the thing itself and by itself stands. Well, not a Power in the world dare recognize your Slave Government; at home corruption and despotism and ruin until you sicken of it—to say nothing of the awful judgments of Heaven upon you by the hands of the Federals! Being from Scotland, I am impartial, of course. And such men as you two, Dr. Warner, Paul Brooks up there at the Pines, and all like you at the South, why, born and living at the South, it is no wonder you are coming so slowly to see. But you are on the road—three years hence the Union men of the South will be the most hearty emancipationists on earth, without a spark of Northern fanaticism!"

It was an awful sentiment; but dry Mr. Ferguson stated it simply as a scientific fact. He was canny Scotch enough, however, to lower his voice as he made the atrocious statement. "And it is the hand of God," he added; "you good people could see no harm in Slavery. Very well, Heaven is putting that very cup to your lip, pressing it there bitter and long, to see how you like the taste. The Jehovah of Moses still rules, an eye for an eye, *lex talionis*—retributive justice the old Covenanters call it."

Neither of his friends would have endured such language a few months before. Yes, an immense amount of thinking was being done in the South those days, and in the mind of every reasoning mortal there, Union man or Secessionist, it all bore upon that one thing—Slavery.

"And so you had to march up, too, and take your medicine?" the lawyer asks Mr. Arthur, after a long silence. And that gentleman needed no explanation. He *had* stood before the Provost Marshal, and, under oath, renounced all allegiance to the United States Government, swearing fealty to the "Confederate States of America" instead. Medicine? Yes; and the bitterest to him, and to thousands like him, their manhood had ever taken. Certain zealous females of the Secession persuasion had even offered themselves to the Provost Marshal of Somerville as a committee to administer the same oath to every one of their own sex in the county. Unfortunately the Provost Marshal declined the offer; acknowledged its importance, but plead absence of instructions. Not one of the Secession females but would have died or succeeded. Not even the feeblest of the Union ladies but would have endured first a thousand deaths. Who can conjecture the issue? And, alas for Poesy, Bellona, dread goddess of war, being the muse, that such an Iliad should not have been enacted!

"Tim Lamum Provost Marshal? Oh, come now, not Tim Lamum!" had been the universal remark in Somerville when that fact was announced.

Wait one instant. For it takes very little expenditure of colors—water colors—to paint Tim Lamum. A suddenly shot up youth of nineteen was Tim, oily as to hair, sparse as to mustache, feeble as to stamina, profane as to speech, loose as to morals, good as to only one thing on earth—and that one thing is poker. All the rest of Tim's full length is on the canvas when it is added that Tim had "plenty of negroes," and was nephew of the editor. An exceedingly vaporous existence had Tim led up to Secession. With his hat perched, tilted well forward, upon the top of his head, a cigar in the corner of his languid mouth, nothing on the surface of this planet had Tim to do. And he did it; that is, during the day. At night it was poker.

Tim was off to the war from the first, was in one fight in which a bridge was much mixed up, and came back. Forever on the point of leaving to "rejoin his command," somehow he never got off. But as a private? No, Sir. No man readier than he to go as an officer. Not attaining to that, Lamum, editor and uncle, discovers that he can not dispense with Tim from the office of the *Star*. So Tim is compelled to smoke his listless cigar a fraction of every day in that dreary and very dirty den until his uncle can get him something as Commissary, Quartermaster, Contractor from Richmond.

So, when Martial Law is established in Somerville, Somerville finds it embodied in Tim, cigar in mouth, hat on head, heels on the little table before him, ready to perform all the duties of Provost Marshal in the empty store employed for the purpose. And very easy Tim took it. Bob Withers acted for the time as his clerk on the dusty counter near by, entering the names and administering the oath. All that Tim has to do at present is to smooth down his incipient mustache in the hollowed fore-finger of his left hand whenever he takes his cigar from his mouth with his right. Medicine? Ay, the bitterest on earth.

"An oath under duress has not the least obligation," reasons Guy Brooks and hundreds of thousands at the South. Ye who seriously revere an oath as the most solemn of appeals to God, is or is not the taking of an oath on the basis of such reasoning about as cool, as deliberate a taking the name of God in vain as a man can be guilty of? If the whole moral law, in every possible inflection thereof were but as explicit and invariable as the Multiplication Table now!

A pitiful sight it was to see old, white-headed men, who had not had time yet to realize the possibility of Secession, the very imagination of which they had abhorred all their lives, suddenly hurried in from their homes, stood like children before this beardless puppet of the hour, driven there to do so under peril of property and life, calling on God to witness they renounced the Government they had up till that instant regarded as the noblest and firmest on earth! Solemnly pledging themselves to what? To the suddenest and wildest and windiest—

Strong men came sullenly forward too. Heaven help us! not a man in Somerville failed to come. Many swearing, as they took the oath—ah, how solemnly!—by the God that made them, to take full vengeance for this their deep humiliation. Yes, it *was* an oath—not to Secessionists—it left *them* as it found them; to Union men it was the awful pledge and sacrament of hatred and vengeance. Before that oath their purpose was merely a resolve; henceforth it was a vow.

In the establishment of Martial Law and Conscription Secession rolled up into its zenith, subsiding thereafter—but oh, how slowly!—to its nadir.

"I call you to witness, Mr. Lamum, and you, Mr. Withers," Edward Arthur, as he stands before Tim's boot-soles displayed on the little red table, remarks, "that I take this oath only on one ground. Were it not for that I would perish first."

"Ah, and what ground is that?" asks Tim, with languid curiosity, clasping both hands together behind his head and tilting his chair farther back as he speaks. He manages to ask the question, too, with his cigar in his mouth.

"Solely because I am commanded to obey, by Scripture, every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. I obey as part of my submission to the Powers that be, yielding not to those Powers but to the Providence that permits them present might, and to the express command of God in such a case as this. I submit to this as I would endeavor to do to every affliction He pleases to send, however painful. I have nothing more to say."

"I'm afraid you do not like my Government," says the Provost Marshal, with pitying dignity. And if Tim used the expression once during his official career he used it—shall we venture to say?—one thousand times. He had met with it in the corner of some newspaper as the language of some other high and distinguished official in diplomatic correspondence. "I have no choice in the matter," he afterward remarks to those whose houses he has had searched for conscripts, or who are up before him for using disloyal language; "it is my Government which directs me to act as I do. If my Government did not consider it necessary they would not have made it my duty," he replies, when any one attempts to argue the matter of passports from county to county. Yet there is something, as peculiarly pleasing to Mr. Arthur as it is distasteful to Mr. Ellis, in hearing just such an individual as Tim Lamum mention the Confederacy as "my Government."

"I regarded the act of Secession as a wickedness, from voting for which I abstained exactly as I would abstain"—the Minister *will* add in a steady tone and looking his beardless hero in the eyes—"from the wickedness of swearing, gambling, or lewdness. Every hour I live I more firmly regard it as part of the great crime against God and man for which we are enduring and will continue to endure an awful punishment. I am submitting to it, meanwhile, only as to the afflictive Providence of Heaven, in obedience to its express command to that effect."

The old store is full when he says it. Of course he ought no more to have said it than ought irate Paul to have made that unpleasant remark about a whited wall when on *his* trial. His own ideal Minister would have quietly taken the oath and ridden back again to Mrs. Sorel's, thinking and feeling as much as he pleased, but breathing no syllable aloud. He was surprised at himself, for he had no intention of saying a word. But he felt more deeply than he knew, and in the anguish of the moment could not refrain from bearing testimony against the Baal of the hour if he died for it.

At least no other man in Somerville did any thing of the kind. It would have been a too dangerous experiment in the case, say, of Guy Brooks, Ferguson, Dr. Warner, and the like. But Edward Arthur was so well known in Somerville, had married so many of the couples there, buried so many of the dead there, his purity of life, his acknowledged piety, the evident sincerity of the man, as he stood there before Tim Lamum, erect, earnest, utterly fearless, took the crowd too much by surprise. Besides, just then, it was Tim who presented the majesty of Secession in his person—the contrast between the two was too striking.

"Oh, said he hated and despised the Confederacy with his whole soul! Said he obeyed it only because the Bible made him. Acknowledging, you see, the Bible is on our side. Said the Secessionists were worse than adulterers, liars, and thieves, and murderers! Got so mad he was white with rage. Had his right hand in his bosom all the time, a revolver there I've no doubt. Would you have ever thought such a thing of him, Mrs. Bowles? I used, myself, to think the whole world of Mr. Arthur, have said a thousand times Brother Barker was not to be compared to him. Now just look at those two men! Brother Barker, a true patriot, a strong Secessionist, and Barker a Northern man, you know, while he was born at the South and lived all his life there. I tell you what, Mrs. Bowles"—Mrs. Warner it is, she has been in Mrs. Bowles's parlor for the last hour or so, her eyebrows wide apart at the inner ends—"if we only knew we'd find out he's a bad, bad man. There's nothing I can lay my hand on, it's true; but if we only knew! I always was doubtful about him, there's a sort of pride— My little 'Ria is a child, I know; but if she was old enough, and I but imagined Mr. Arthur had any idea of her—"

"I can not imagine what you mean, Madam," says Mrs. Bowles, more in reference to Mrs. Warner's mysterious manner than to her words.

"I mean, if my 'Ria was as old as your Alice—I say it as a friend—"

"You will excuse me, Mrs. Warner," Mrs. Bowles interrupts her visitor in her stateliest manner—some ten inches lower, forty pounds lighter than Mrs. Warner; but it is South Carolina in contrast with Mississippi, and she towers above her as did Marie Antoinette above the *canaille*—"we will not allude, if you please, to my daughter, Alice Bowles, in this connection."

How the said Alice managed to bring in Mrs. Warner's name that same evening, as mother and daughter sat sewing together at those perpetual haversacks, is not known, but Alice suspended her needle and looked up surprised at the vehemence of her usually quiet and refined little mother.

"Do not mention her name to me again, Alice. I did suppose our acquaintance with her was ended by my reply to her impertinence in reference to Lieutenant Ravenel's visit. It is not so much her loathsome snuff-dipping, that she should bring her filthy yellow bottle with her into my very parlor, actually converse with me, her filthy mop-stick in the corner of her mouth! It is her quick eyes and her incessant tongue. I do believe the poor creature *is* a sincere Southern woman; but much as I dislike the Northern people, she has a venom in speaking about them that is exceedingly unladylike."

"That is one thing I dislike Secession for, mother. Those—Mrs. Sorel, and the other Union people—with whom we used to associate most we have been separated from. Mrs. Warner is only one of the new class of people the war has thrown us among. Dr. Peel, for instance, daring to speak to you in Mr. Ellis's store yesterday; that intoxicated old oddity, Captain Richard Simmons, Bob Withers, and Mr. Lamum actually acting with you as a Soldiers' Aid Committee. That odious Yankee schoolmaster, Mr. Neely, too, actually visiting here almost every week. He never dreamed of doing so until he had the war news to talk over with you. For one, if it were not for you and Rutledge, I would almost hate Secession! And to think it is Slavery we are fighting for! it never did before, but it seems odd to me now—*Slavery!*" adds the young lady, with—like Mr. Arthur before Tim Lamum—a great deal more depth of feeling than she before knew herself to be possessed of.

"Aristocratic little old fool, putting on her Charleston airs with me!" says Mrs. Warner, snuff stick in mouth, that same moment at *her* fireside. "And that Alice of hers, so polite and reserved, as if she was a queen or an heiress. Plague take them! They say that that Rutledge Bowles the old goose is so everlastingly talking about is going to the dogs there in Charleston. I hope so with all my soul! It's a heap she needs to bring down her abominable pride." And a good deal more to the same effect, Mr. Arthur being intermingled therewith, she said that night in bed to Dr. Warner, like a veteran in the trenches, asleep by her side.

Nothing since his elevation to office pleases Tim Lamum more than Miss Alice Bowles's bearing toward him a few evenings after at a party given by Colonel Ret Roberts. Tim has long since given up Miss Alice as—"beautiful as you please—yes, Sir—but too"—a heated expression here—"proud for me!" It is his new position, of course, which causes Miss Alice to pause near him in an incidental way that night with such a smile as emboldens Tim to inform her that it is a pleasant evening; with great dignity too, the Provost Marshal's hollowed fore-finger smoothing down his mustache.

"You are quite busy these days?" says Alice at last, and with an interest in Mr. Lamum as flattering as it is novel.

"Yes, Miss Alice. Well, only tolerably so. The Secession people among us are so very willing, and those poor Union chaps are so frightened, I don't have as much to do as I supposed I would," says Tim.

"It is such a new thing among us, Mr. Lamum. Do tell me what the duties of a Provost Marshal are?" asks Alice.

("Not a bit proud these days. It is really amazing how the girls are taken by a fellow's being a Government official. Gloriously beautiful!" says Tim afterward to Bob Withers, and a dozen or so more, as opportunity offered, and not without expletives.)

"Well, it is a new business to us also," he replies to his fair questioner. "Yes—oh, well, we just do, you know, what turns up to be done. Make every soul take the oath, say. Haul people up if they hesitate about taking Confederate money. A funny thing happened before me about *that* only to-day, Miss Alice. Joe Staples, the hotel keeper, you know, he has that Scotch Ferguson, grizzly-bearded, positive chap—oh, you know him—up before me, you see. Ferguson had lent Staples some thousand dollars, gold and silver, you know, on interest when Staples was fixing up his hotel, you see. Staples has a trunk full of Confederate money, taken in, you know, from people stopping with him. Staples wants Ferguson to take it in payment. Ferguson refuses. However, he says he may do it under protest, and steps out to consult Guy Brooks as his lawyer. Just as he steps out in comes Colonel Juggins, outs with a bundle of Confederate money—he had heard, you see, that Staples was up at my office, and had followed him—outs, you know, with a bundle of Confederate money as big as a small baby, and wants to pay Staples some—well, I don't know how many hundreds, Tom Juggins's board bill; you know he used to loaf a good deal about the hotel before he went to the war. What do you think? Staples said he would take it only under protest; steps out to see *his* lawyer if even that would secure him."

"And what did Mr. Ferguson decide to do?" asks Alice, with interest.

"Came back with Guy Brooks; said he would not take the money in that shape at all. Fact is, people don't like, you know, to take the money. We have the case under advisement. If I could only know," adds Tim, with the dignity of an embassador, "what my Government would have me do—"

"You have assistance in determining?"

"Assistance? Oh yes; plenty of that. My uncle, Dr. Peel, Captain Simmons when he is sober enough, as for that, and when he is not sober, never is, you know. Fact is, I leave it pretty much to them. I only sit there, you see. We always have a detail of a dozen or so of soldiers to haul up people. The worst bore is making out passports. We let no man go out of the

county, and it is so all over the State, but we have him to tell where he is going, what for, how long, and all. However, we have blank forms. Bob Withers fills them up; all I have to do is to sign my name."

But that was just what frightened Mr. Neely. After incredible exertions for office that gentleman had been offered the post of Provost Marshal before Tim. At first he was immensely flattered. But the Yankee, though steadily smothered and trampled down in him with his own hands and feet, was too strong there for that. One night's sleep over it, rather one night's tossing wide awake over it, and Mr. Neely, with a thousand reasons, declined, exactly as he would have done any other speculation in which he might make hundreds, yet, possibly, might lose thousands; for the inner Mr. Neely was not exactly as confident of the certain success as was the outer Mr. Neely. His signature to bills for tuition, in other days, was not so glorious, but safer.

"Mr. Lamum," says Alice, after a while, in lower tones and playing with her fan, "you know how curious we ladies are; there is one thing I would like you to tell me: you have sent some of the worst of the Union men out of the country, have you not?"

Government official as Tim is, he could no more refuse those eyes! Besides, he has an increasing sense of his new importance, and does not care to diminish it.

"I ought not, perhaps, officially, you know, to tell it, Miss Bowles; but you will not mention it, we have. My Government—"

"And in every case they were hung by the road-side?" Alice is paler, but more erect, too, as she asks.

"I'm afraid so," says Tim, not quite so erect, and forgetting his mustache. "My Government is prosecuting a war—"

"It is very close in here," interrupts Alice; "a little nearer the window, if you please. Thank you!" and Tim has a deep consciousness of his importance. It is more painful, however, than pleasing just now.

"You were mentioning Mr. Barker just now, or were you not? He has taken the oath?" she asks at last.

"Parson Barker? I don't remember."

"I must have mistaken. That is—" Alice says, with a stammer and a blush.

"It must have been Mr. Arthur I spoke of," says Tim; and adds: "But it is this conscript business is beginning to make us work. It would look, you know, as if it will take all the volunteers we've got to hunt up the conscripts. In hiding, you see. And when one does catch them, their wives and sisters and old fathers and mothers crying there in my office, you know—"

"However, it relieves you that no one refuses to take the oath—"

"Oath? Oh no! Who cares for an oath, you know? There was Mr. Arthur—but of course you've heard about that?"

"Not clearly. Mr. Arthur? What was it?" It is amazing, considering their long acquaintance, how indifferent Alice is. But Tim tells the whole story very nearly as it occurred—truthful fellow, Tim, except at poker. Besides, he likes to talk, and it is a feather in his new cap to be seen by the company passing and repassing around them talking with her.

"Spunky chap, Miss Alice," he adds at last. "I haven't much use for preachers myself; but one can not help liking that man. He seems really to believe our revolution a wrong thing; shakes his head over us as if we were all out on a spree. Singular! but he really believes so! You won't mention it, Miss Alice, but fact is, of the two men, Mr. Arthur and Brother Barker, as they call him, I can't stand Barker. As to being a good Secessionist, that is all right, you know; at the same time we outsiders don't like to see a preacher mixing himself up in things of the sort too much. It's like a woman outside her sphere. It's that distinguishes us from the Yankees. There's a holy, I mean a pious, or rather a religious—oh! I don't know what you call it," says Tim, making vague gestures with both hands, "a sort of Sabbath-day something one likes to have in a parson. The hardest case among us don't like to see a preacher leaving his sermons to mix up— Men are doing, you know, a good deal of cursing and swearing and worse these days; and a parson hail-fellow in that sort of crowd, you know— And on Sundays, you know, and in churches, too. For one, I hate—we all do—to have Brother Barker everlastingly in with us, discussing and suggesting—"

"Only trying to moderate you leading officials," explains Alice, in wonderful good-humor.

"Not a bit of it, Miss Alice! Moderate? Why, the parson is the most ultra of the whole lot. If we had actually done half the things that parson has urged on us, and from the Bible— You mustn't mention it," continues Tim, who, never ice, is thoroughly thawed under the young lady's influence, "but he was for having us send Mr. Arthur out of the country. His Union influence, he said. If we *had!* But we won't speak of blackjacks along the road any more; excuse me, I see it doesn't agree with you. Parson Barker, his hair combed back, his sallow face, eager eyes, *always* at a white heat— Fact is, I can't stand Brother Barker!" says Tim, with considerable disgust. "Only you won't mention it, Miss Alice, he always puts me in mind, that man, of the Abolition preachers we read about. Mr. Arthur is mistaken, of course; but no fanaticism about him."

The question, as an official one, weighed, however, on Tim's mind. "I declare something ought to be done with Arthur. I believe my Government would justify me—"

"Oh, play your poker, and let Arthur alone," interrupts Bob Withers, frank and honest Bob, to whom the remark is made that night over the cards. "No, Tim; no, Sir-ee; you, by George! let the parson alone. I believe I've got hard sense when it isn't my own good is concerned, and I've proved right, by George! more than once in differing from your red-mouthed Secessionists, Simmons, Barker, and such. For my part, I tell you this provost-marshaling business won't do; you'll see yet if it will. The whole thing is only a tremendous spree the South is on, a mag-nificent bender and blow-out, see if it ain't. Smash up, too, some day, by George! But never mind all that; it's poker we are at now.

"I'm an awful wicked scamp—swear, drink, do things worse still—but I *can't* lie, by George!" says Bob in general, and he says true.

"And, my dear, I was almost shocked," Mrs. Bowles was saying to Alice the same night at home, "at the way you flirted with that Mr. Lamum. You forget that his uncle is a Yankee. Don't do it any more, dear."

LINES TO "THE DERBY."

Of Nature's wondrous stores—
Her rocks and woods and shores—
Let others sing;
For me, no more of that!
I praise the Derby Hat,
Bewitching thing!

I look at thee with awe;
I think I never saw
Such grace as that;
A miracle of art,
Without a counterpart,
Thou peerless hat!

In cities, or suburban
Places, let the "turban"
Sometimes be worn;
But the "bonnet" and the "flat"
Beside the Derby Hat
Look too forlorn.

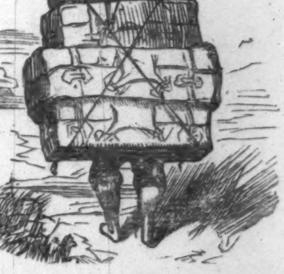
The satisfaction that
I feel at such a hat
Will cease—never!
With Keats I now can say,
"A thing of beauty's a
Joy forever."

Incomparable hat!
I am astonished that
Thou art so rare;
Thou addest a new grace,
And makest each fair face
Seem still more fair.

Then I will sing thy praise
Until my latest days—
Until the grave;
Never let a slur be
Cast upon the Derby—
Long may it wave!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE LABOR QUESTION.



THE GENTLEMAN WHO VOLUNTEERS TO CARRY THE EIGHT-HOUR BILL THROUGH BOTH HOUSES—AND FARTHER, IF NECESSARY.

A Doubt for Discount.—If distance lends enchantment to the view, is it right to expect interest of the spectator, and is the bill at long date?

"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got any thing new on."

Hoop-skirts, like gun-barrels, are not dangerous unless they have something in them. But when the former are charged—powdered, wadded, and waterfall-capped—they should be handled with the greatest caution. In many instances it is dangerous to even look at them.

A TOPER'S SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason too's the same—
Both comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt you and me—
I falls more harder and more frequently.

A disclosure which can only be made in words certainly "tending to a breach of the peace"—One Irishman disclosing his religion to another.

If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door and then *bolt* yourself.

Mr. Wise, of Virginia, in a late speech, is reported to have said respecting that State: "She has an iron chain of mountains running through her centre, which God has placed there to milk the clouds, and to be the source of her silver rivers." The Rochester *American* remarks: "The figure is borrowed from the New York milkmen, who milk the clouds as much as they do their cows, and draw from the former the most palatable and healthful portion of the compound fluid."

When is snow like truth?—When it does not lie.

EPITAPH ON A TOMBSTONE IN ENGLAND.

"Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large is his debt, who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay."

An Open Question.—*Urchin.* "Ma, if white people's made of dust, ain't colored people made of coal-dust?"

"Why, Bill, what's the matter with you? you look 'down in the mouth.'" "Well, Pete, I guess if you'd been through what I have, you'd look bad too." "What's the matter?" "Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Pete?" "Yes." "I discarded her last night." "You did! What for?" "Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'll discard any girl that would treat me in that way."

"Ma, I've struck an oil spring!" exclaimed a young hopeful, the other day, as he dipped a slice of bread into the gravy bowl.

A very worthy minister, settled not a hundred miles from our metropolis, was one Sunday morning descanting upon the importance of plain speaking. "Why, my hearers," said he, "St. Paul never used any 'highfalutin' expressions. No; he always spoke plain Anglo-Saxon!"

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Congress are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

A rather profane church-goer of this city, one day asked his clergyman what was the meaning of the passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing as with a garment." "The meaning," replied the clergyman, "is plain enough; I think that the man, like you, had a *habit* of swearing."

A true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond his reach.

An Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being deep, and extremely dark withal, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above to pull him up; they lent a deaf ear to all he said till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out: "Be St. Patrick, if you don't draw me up, sure I'll cut the rope."

JAW BREAKERS.

Welsh — Slanfavipwllgwyngyll. *French* — Larobhejaquelein. Welsh has it.

A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. Then the boy commenced begging most pathetically for release, and after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed: "Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries, and lick me besides!" This appeal was too much for the grocery-man to stand out against.

A country editor received a severe "hoist" by treading on a fragment of orange-peel in the city, and commenced a series of letters to his journal, headed "My Trip on the Rhine."

A fashionable but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shop-keeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours: "What, in one day?" she asked.

PROVERBIAL EPIGRAM.

Pride, like a wild, unbroken colt,
Its rider overthrows;
But he who walks in humble suit
Securely onward goes.

A Western paper suggests as an improvement in Bibles the preparation of a leaf or two in the "family record" for divorces.

A vagabond-looking fellow was brought before a magistrate at Tourbridge on a charge of stealing turnips. After making some droll remarks he was asked by the magistrate, "Did you not take the turnips found in your pocket?" "Certainly not," replied the prisoner. "I went to sleep in the field among the turnips and these grew in my pocket—the heat of my body causing them to shoot up faster than ordinary. I steal turnips, your worship; I scorn the idea!"

The turkey burst its confinement while roasting, and the stuffing escaped to the terror of the Hibernian damsel left to watch it, who ran to call her mistress. "Ma'am!" she screamed, "come down and see the turkey; 'tis brownin' nicely, but some of the consalements is bustin' out!"

Thought at a Wedding-Breakfast.—The bridal reign (bridle-rein) begins with a bit in the mouth.

An Irishman slipped up and came down "broadside" upon his back, which stilled his breathing a minute or two; besides bruising his head considerably. Recovering, he jumped up and threw himself into a fighting attitude, shook his fists at the ice, as if he was about to take summary vengeance upon the slippery substance, and then, with violent gestures and threatening voice, exclaimed, "Faith, an' ye'll tak a sweat for this before June, sure!"

DEFINITIONS.

Bachelor.—A dandy-lion run to seed in a garden of beautiful flowers. The ingrafted crab-tree of humanity.
Letter.—Conversation with the pen.
Album.—A drawing-room man-trap set by young ladies.
Surgeon.—A skillful workman who repairs the damages made by the wear and tear of the machinery of life—

An ill that oft must be endured.
When ills are wanted to be cured.

Woman.—An essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound.
Gentleman.—A manual of good manners bound in cloth.
Old Maid.—A quiver full of arrows with no bow (beau) attached.
Wit.—Wisdom masquerading.
Heart.—The best card in the chance game of Matrimony; sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves; often won by tricks; and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 3:
In the Senate, the bill authorizing the President of the United States to transfer a gun-boat to the Government of Liberia was passed.

In the House, the Senate bill to amend the act of July 4, 1864, for the relief of seamen on board of vessels wrecked or lost in the naval service, was passed.

April 4:
In the Senate, the veto Message was taken up, and Mr. Trumbull took the floor in defense of the Civil Rights bill.

In the House, the contested election case between Dodge and Brooks was discussed.

April 5:
In the Senate, Mr. George F. Edmonds, the Senator appointed from Vermont to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Foot's death, was sworn in.—The bill to provide arms and ammunition to the people of Dakota, for protection against Indian warriors, was passed.—A joint resolution was passed securing to colored soldiers their bounties.—At 1 o'clock the Message of President Johnson vetoing the Civil Rights bill was taken up. Mr. Reverdy Johnson took the floor, and spoke at length in opposition to the bill. He was followed by other Senators.

In the House, the bill giving three months' pay properly allowed to army officers who should continue in service to the close of the war—to such officers as resigned or were mustered out at their own request after the 19th of April, 1865, was passed.

April 6:
In the Senate, Mr. Lane, of Kansas, offered a joint resolution for the admission of the States lately in rebellion to representation in Congress on condition of their repudiating the rebel debt, indorsing the Federal debt, annulling all ordinances of secession, and granting the right of suffrage to such colored people as can read, or who own and pay taxes on $250 worth of property.—At 1 o'clock the Message of the President vetoing the Civil Rights bill was taken up, and after considerable debate the vote was finally taken, and the bill passed over the President's veto, yeas 33, nays 15.

In the House, the New York contested election case was taken up. After a two hours' speech by Mr. Brooks, and additional debate, the vote was reached. On the question of Mr. Brooks's claim, it stood, nays 84, yeas 45. On Mr. Dodge's claim, yeas 72, nays 52.

April 9:
In the Senate, the Loan bill was passed—32 to 7.

In the House, the Civil Rights bill was passed over the President's veto—122 to 41.

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

April 3:
In the Senate, among the several bills passed were the following: Authorizing the Controller of New York city to borrow money for improvement of docks and slips; relative to powers and duties of Commissioners of the Central Park; authorizing the survey of a route for a railroad from Schenectady to some point on the St. Lawrence River, at or near Ogdensburg; and fixing the salary of the City Judge of Brooklyn at $5000 per annum.

April 4:
In the Senate, Mr. Low called up his resolution expressing disappointment and regret at the veto by President Johnson of the Civil Rights bill. After some debate the resolution was passed—ayes 22, nays 9.—Mr. Folger called from the table the joint resolutions heretofore adopted in caucus, and subsequently by the Assembly, on Federal relations, and the first three were adopted by a strict party vote; the fourth, in favor of universal suffrage in the District of Columbia, was adopted by a vote of 23 to 6. An amendment, to limit the privilege to those who can read the Constitution of the United States and have been in the army, was lost—yeas 22, nays 7.

In the Assembly, the Broadway Corrugated Elevated Railway bill passed a third reading—ayes 62, nays 41. All the other elevated railway bills were lost.

April 6:
In the Assembly the following bills were passed: To incorporate the Niagara Ship Canal Company, by a vote of 81 to 31; to reorganize the Senate Districts of the State; to extend the railroad tracks in Grand and other streets in New York city, by a vote of 71 to 29; to construct an elevated railway in Broadway in New York city, by a vote of 74 to 39; to authorize the taxation of stockholders of banks.

April 9:
In the Assembly, the bill to amend the New York Sewerage and Drainage Act passed to a third reading.—A resolution approving the course of Senators Morgan and Harris in voting for the Civil Rights bill was passed by a vote of 52 to 22.

NEWS ITEMS.

The steamship *England*, which arrived at Halifax from Liverpool April 9, had one hundred and sixty cases of cholera on board. There were forty deaths during the passage. The *England* had 1200 steerage passengers.

The Savannah *Republican* of March 29 announces the release of Hon. D. L. Yulee from Fort Pulaski.

The Petersburg (Virginia) *Express* has information direct from Toronto, Canada, that John C. Breckinridge is residing there. "Care is making its mark on his face. His hair, which four years ago was as black as jet, is now hoary. He is weary of exile, and anxious to return to home and friends." Ex-Governor Price, of New Jersey, is going to Washington to intercede for him.

A treaty with the Seminoles has been concluded. The tribe cedes 18,000 acres of their reservation for the use of civilized Indians.

Horace Maynard has expressed the opinion that public sentiment in Tennessee and North Carolina is more inclined to justice than in Connecticut and Pennsylvania. "The question of negro suffrage in Tennessee," he says, "will be settled by-and-by in favor of the black man, and I should not wonder if Tennessee gave the black man the right to vote before Connecticut does. And the black man will probably vote sooner in North Carolina than in Pennsylvania."

The Charleston *Courier* reports that three thousand two hundred freedmen have emigrated from North Carolina during the last three months to Massachusetts, Connecticut, and the other New England States, on contracts to work at $20 per month, and that more will follow.

The Mobile *Tribune*, of March 29, says the news from all parts of Alabama is to the effect that the freedmen are realizing their situation, and are going to work with a will.

The Methodist Episcopal Conference, now in session at New Orleans, has accepted an invitation from the Methodists in this city to unite with them and the denomination generally in their public and private devotions.

It is reported that all the muster-out will be completed by the first of May, and there will then be left in service 17,065 white volunteers, and 30,217 colored, making a total of 47,282.

FOREIGN NEWS.

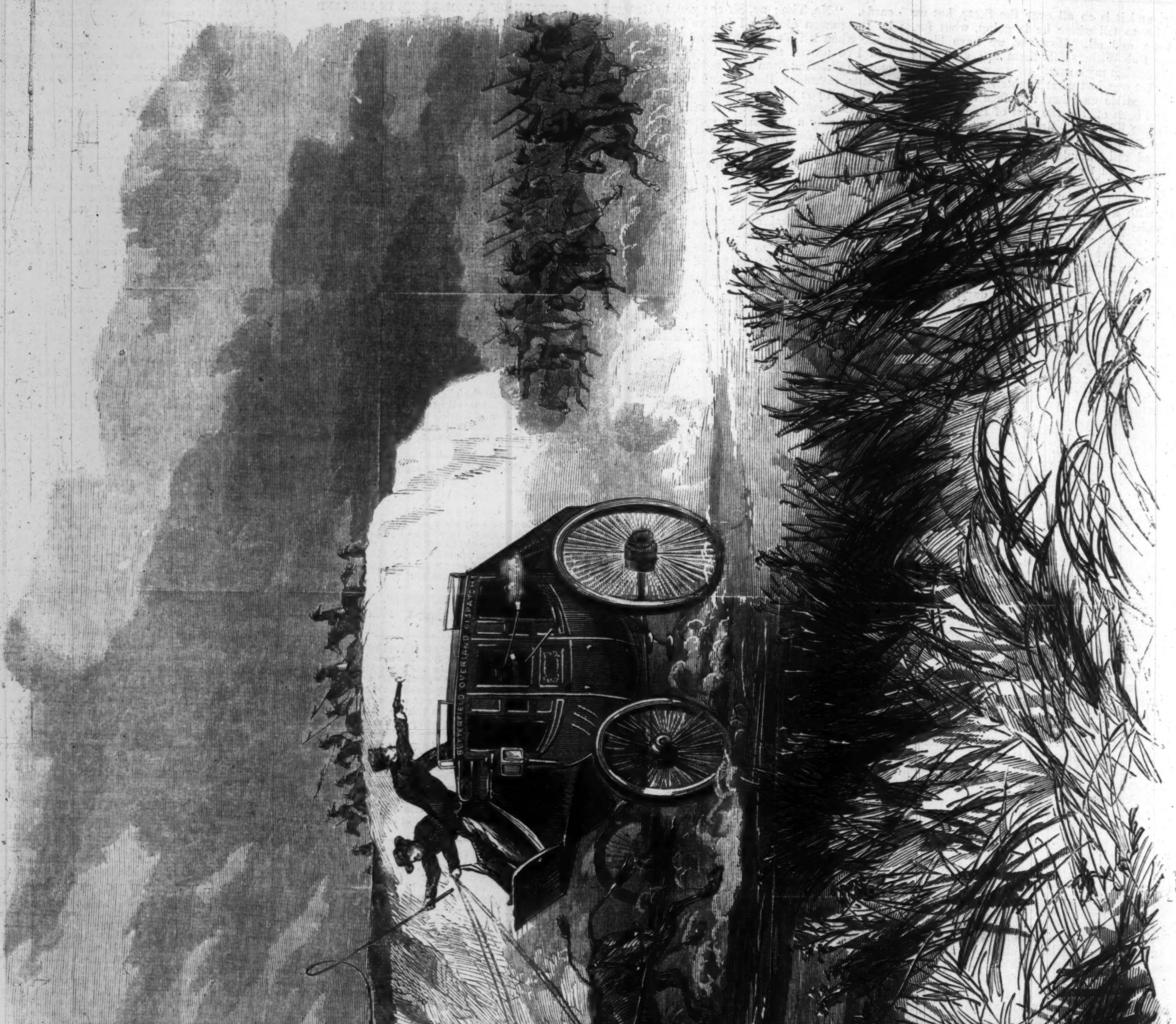
There has been no new development of Fenianism in Ireland. It is confidently asserted that Head Centre Stephens had reached Paris, where he was the guest of John Mitchel.

There is great apprehension of a war between Prussia and Austria respecting the Duchies. Great military preparations are being made by Austria. The conciliatory policy of Austria toward Hungary may possibly be in part due to a desire on the part of the Vienna Cabinet to relieve the empire from all domestic embarrassment in case of a German war.

The Emperor Napoleon, in his reply to the Address of the Corps Legislatif, says: "France, equally with ourselves, desires progress, stability, and liberty, but a liberty which shall develop intelligence, generous instincts, and the noble exertions of labor—not a liberty bordering upon license, which would excite evil passions, destroy all belief, rekindle hatred, and give rise to disorder. We require a liberty which shall enlighten, control, and discuss the actions of the Government, but not become an arm to undermine and overthrow it. Fifteen years ago, when nominal chief of the State, without effective power, and without support in the Chamber, but strong in my conscience and the suffrages which had elected me, I ventured to declare that France would not perish in my hands. I have kept my word. For fifteen years France has developed and increased, and her high destiny will be accomplished. After us our sons will continue our work. My guarantee for this is the assistance of the great bodies of the state, the devotion of the army, the patriotism of all good citizens, and lastly, that Divine protection that has never failed our country."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The books for subscription to the stock of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company were closed in London on the 13th of March. All the capital required to make and lay a new cable and to get up and complete the one about two-thirds laid last year, has been subscribed. The contractors are making nineteen nautical miles of the new cable per day, and it is a great improvement upon that of last year. The *Great Eastern* was being put in the most perfect order, and the 30th June is still the day fixed for her departure from Sheerness for Valentia, Ireland.



ON THE PLAINS—INDIANS ATTACKING BUTTERFIELD'S OVERLAND DISPATCH COACH.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 249.]

EXTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION—FIGHTING THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

ON THE PLAINS.

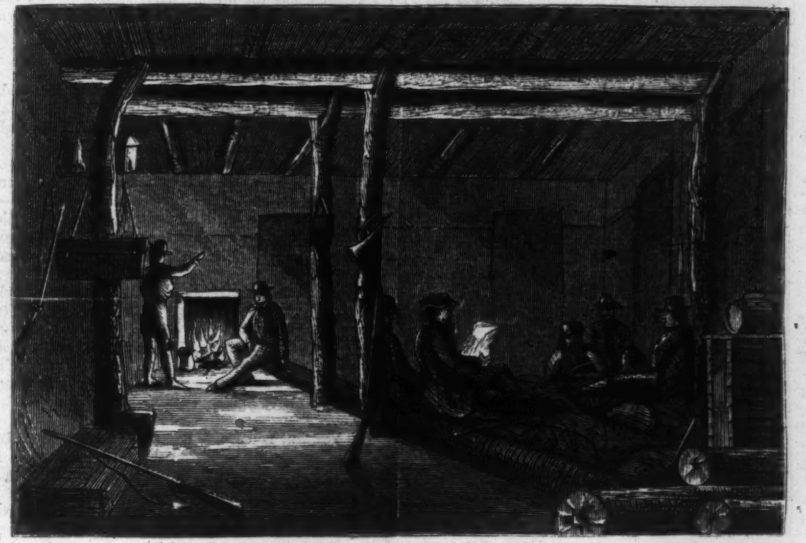
WE give on this page and on page 248 some interesting illustrations of life on the Plains. In No. 474 of the *Weekly* we alluded to the attack made last winter on BUTTERFIELD's Overland Dispatch Coach. Our artist, Mr. DAVIS, was one of the party attacked, and has furnished on page 248 a sketch of the occurrence, together with other illustrations, of which he gives the following descriptions:

ATTACK OF INDIANS ON AN OVERLAND COACH.

Leaving Atchison we journeyed out into the vast plains, that never can be other than the vast wilderness that they are. We had, or thought we had, a journey of six or seven days before us. But circumstances alter cases: at least they did ours.

Two hundred and fifty miles from Atchison we became aware that Indians were more plenty than usual along the route. This gave us no uneasiness; but soon after the discovery of the bodies of murdered men—some of whom had been captured alive, and undergone the most awful torture, such as the cutting out of tongues and other parts of their persons, then burning them alive—caused us to be continually on our guard. At this part of the journey Colonel TAMBLYN, an able officer and a good Indian fighter, when he has the men, furnished us with a small escort.

Soon after this we discovered the bodies of two more men, from which we drove the wolves, and buried them. These men had fought and been killed; their bodies were covered with arrow-wounds. Brave men as they were, we could only cover them with so thin a blanket of prairie sod that would hide them from sight but not from the wolves.



INTERIOR OF THE ADOBE FORTIFICATION AT SMOKY HILL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

Still further on we buried three more bodies that the Indians had left most barbarously mutilated. These discoveries, following each other so rapidly, caused us to be ever on the alert for an attack, which came about two o'clock one bright day, when one would have thought that the Indians would have been busy hunting the buffalo.

We had nearly reached a station known as Smoky Hill Spring when we discovered a party of fully sixty Indians within short pistol-shot of the coach. Our escort had reached the station and dismounted, leaving our little party to fight the affair out alone, which we did in the most determined style—arrows and pistol-balls penetrating the coach every moment, strange to say, without any thing more serious resulting than a couple of arrow scratches!

The Indians, beaten off, were joined by parties that seemed to come from every bluff. Thinking to drive us from the shelter of the station, which we had by this time reached, they set fire to the tall grass to the windward of us. The strong breeze brought the smoke and flame rapidly down, nearly reaching the adobe before we could check the fire by beating it down and out with our blankets. This we finally succeeded in doing. Then, so far as fire was concerned, we were safe; for prairie grass will

STREET VIEW IN SANTE FE, NEW MEXICO.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

not burn twice on the same day, and an Indian is too careful of his life to come within rifle range, if he is sure that the party that points said rifle is used to the weapon.

No attack was made until nightfall, when an unlimited quantity of arrows were distributed among us. Dawn found us ready, and the Indians perceiving this, no attack was made. About ten o'clock a company of Colonel Tamblyn's regiment came to our rescue, at the sight of whom the Indians mounted their ponies, and we saw no more of them except at a great distance.

STREET SCENE IN SANTA FÉ.

The little city of Santa Fé has about it an ancient appearance that is so different from the more American cities of the neighboring Territories, that one scarcely realizes that he is still in the United States. The language spoken is almost exclusively Mexican, and the people so lazy that no excitement can urge them to a faster pace than a slow walk.

Wagons and carts are a too modern innovation for the Mexican, who uses instead the "Burro"—or, in good English, a diminutive specimen of donkey. This "Burro" is raised in the family, among the children, and is the most peaceful and domestic animal that I have yet seen; it has, too, the faculty of being able to exist in pasture that a goat would starve on.

The houses of Santa Fé are built entirely of adobe brick, which is to all appearance the same style of brick that the Israelites were engaged in making for the Egyptians. The roofs of the houses are of mud also, the exceeding infrequence of rain making this roof practicable.

The only thing that the New Mexican does really well is the manufacture of jewelry; this he makes after the most curious pattern, and very beautifully. Some of the specimens would put to shame some of the best designs of our leading jewelers.

OLD LEVERT'S GRAVE.

"Water! O my God, how I suffer!" groaned the wounded man, and rolled his bloodshot eyes over the pitiless blue sky and the whispering forest, and then closed them, perhaps as he thought, never to open them again.

Open they did, however, for a heavy footfall came through the wood, heralded by a rough voice singing,

"——The kingdom coming
In the year of jubilee!"

"Just so, year of jubilee sure 'nough. Lordy how them graybacks run yesterday—most like as if they'd heard the blood-hounds after 'em! Well, turn and turn about's fair play, and— Hi dere!"

With the exclamation the speaker, a stalwart negro dressed in the uniform of the United States, and carrying a musket over his shoulder, stopped short, and looked down at the wounded and dying man, who, slowly opening his eyes, looked up at him.

"'Clare to gracious if it ain't Mas'r Winch—Leftenant Winch, of the rebel army, I'd ought to say."

The grave sarcasm of the amendment so tickled the speaker's fancy that he was fain to indulge in a brief chuckle, even while kneeling down to relieve the dying man.

"I 'spect, Mas'r, I's got to take you prisoner inter our camp, hasn't I?" asked he, cheerfully.

"I'm dying, Scip. Water, for God's sake!" gasped the wounded man.

"Sho! Dying be you? Oh no, Mas'r, I reckon not. When I got cut up so awful last year, 'long of you telling old Mas'r what I said 'bout him to your Sam, I thought I was dying sure 'nough, but I didn't. I rec'lect, too, how bad I wanted a drink, and I kin guess just how you wants one now. Mas'r and you laughed mighty loud when I axed one of you fer de Lord's sake to git me some water. Rec'lect dat, Mas'r Winch?"

The wounded man raised his dim eyes to the dark face in one piteous appeal, groaned, and closed them hopelessly. The negro's quick perception translated look, and groan, and question.

"Yes, yes, Mas'r Winch, you rec'lect well 'nough, and you's t'inking dat my turn's come now, and I'll pay you off for all I got dat time, but you's mistaken. Dat kind o' talk may do for white folks, but I'se a nigger, and scorns it. Wait a bit now."

Unslinging his canteen as he spoke, the negro filled it at the running brook, raised the head of his enemy tenderly upon his arm, and held to his lips what seemed to them a draught of Paradise.

"Ah!" sighed Lieutenant Winch, "that's life."

"Wait till I get you in de shade, Mas'r. Dis yer July sun's 'nough to melt de marrer out o' yer bones. Kin yer help yourse'f any?"

"No! My back's broken I believe—any way both legs are. Oh! No, no, Scip, don't stir me!"

The negro carefully cut away the rebel uniform and examined the wounds it covered. Their ghastly nature told more plainly than words what the end must be, and how soon it must come. The rich brown of Scip's complexion faded to a sickly yellow as he stood upright, and looking down into those dim eyes, said, solemnly,

"Mas'r Winch, if you feels like you want to hear me say it, I forgib you, an' I pray God to forgib you all de wrong you has eber done. For you's got to die, Mas'r, dat's cl'ar."

"I know it, Scip, I know it. Scip—"

"What, Mas'r?"

"I'm glad you said that, Scip. It was mighty mean of me to get you into that scrape. I'm glad you forgive me."

"'Nough said, Mas'r. Now seein' you can't be moved, I's going to try to make you more comf'able whar you be. Here's a blanket; reckon de feller dat t'rowed it away won't want it no more, and here's anodder, and ober dere's anodder wid a dead man strapped onter it. Now you see, Mas'r, I jes piece dem togedder wid a bagynet, and fix 'em ober dis yer limb ob de chesnut-tree, an'—dare you be."

The shadow of the screen thus formed fell gratefully across the figure of the dying man, and he smiled faintly.

"That's it, Scip. Some more water, boy!"

"Here yer be, Mas'r. Is you head comf'able?"

"Yes, thank you, Scip; you sha'n't lose by this."

"Don't 'spect to lose noffin but little time, Mas'r; and I ain't in a particlar hurry. We's out buryin' de dead dis morning, and there's 'nough 'sides me."

"No, but wait, and listen carefully," interrupted the other impatiently. "I'll make you my heir, Scip. I'll make you the richest nigger in the States, ay, richer than half the white men."

Scipio opened his great eyes and stared blankly at the speaker, remembering that Lieutenant Winch had not been known in New Orleans as a man of property, or even credit, having, indeed, borne rather a loose and disreputable character, his only avowed pursuit being that of marker at a billiard and gambling saloon, while he was shrewdly suspected of other and far less respectable avocations.

"Reckon, Mas'r, you'd better be making up yer 'counts fer de nex' world, and quit foolin' wid such talk," said he, dryly.

"I ain't fooling, Scip, not a bit of it. You've been good to me, and I treated you mean once; and you're a good fellow, and—and maybe I'll do better where I'm going, for making it up to you. Some water, Scip."

The negro silently held the canteen to the parched lips, and then squatting grotesquely upon the ground, fixed his eyes upon the face of the rebel, and waited his farther revelation.

"We kept a bank, Scip, you know."

"Faro-table dey called it, Mas'r."

"Well, no matter. I'd made up my mind to quit when the drafting begun, and I didn't want to go empty-handed. I got another key to the safe, and waited for a pile. One night we had an uncommon run of luck, and raked in gold, jewels, and paper, to the tune of near half a million dollars. That night I made my haul, but I couldn't leave the city, nor I didn't want to. I wanted to save my name, and leave it respectable."

A slight sarcastic twitch of Scipio's wide mouth emphasized the period.

"It wasn't so much for myself," pursued the ex-billiard-marker, hastily; "but I've got a little girl—the only creature in the world belonging to me, and I was in hopes we'd go off somewhere, and live handsome and genteel, and I'd see her marry a gentleman, and never know all that's been said."

He paused, and his white mouth quivered with the last pang of defeated hope. The quick sympathies of the negro were touched.

"Whar's yer little gal now, Mas'r?" asked he.

"At school with Mrs. Lemond, 16 Grand Street. Her name is Fanny Disbrowe."

"Disbrowe? Ain't it Winch, Mas'r?"

"No. I didn't want her nor any one to know she was my child. My name don't smell very sweet in Orleans I'm afraid. I called her Disbrowe when I took her there five years ago, and I haven't seen her to speak to since. She's just turned twelve years old now, and mighty pretty, Scip."

The negro looked with wonder at the face, but now so ghastly and repulsive, as it lighted for the last time with the best impulse of the departing soul.

"Didn' know as you'd got a chile, Mas'r," said he.

"Nobody knew it—not she, nor the school-ma'am, nor any one. Now, listen sharp, Scip. I buried my treasure till I could leave the city without suspicion; and the next day I was drafted, and here I am. I buried it in the church-yard just outside the city, on the north road, in the grave of old Levert, at the northwest corner, you know."

"I know, Mas'r. A big, grand monyment, and the grave behind it."

"Yes. And close behind the monument, about two feet below the surface, you'll find a box—the key is here, round my neck, and in that box is half a million dollars, though some of the paper won't be good for much now, I expect."

"And what's I to do wid all dat money, Mas'r?"

"Go and get my child, Scip, carry her North, and put her at the best school you can hear of. Look out some minister, or some man that the poor folks trust and think well of, and put half the money in his hands for the use of the child, and let him make a good woman of her, and marry her to a good man, and have her live respectable, and when she dies not be ashamed of her name. Scip, will you do all this?"

"Yes, Mas'r, if I's 'lowed," said the negro, simply.

"And the other half of the money is yours, to use as you've a mind to. But if you don't do well by my child, boy, there sha'n't be a cent of that money that don't torment you worse than hell-fire—do you hear me? I'll come from my grave to haunt you, but it shall."

"Dere won't be no 'casion, Mas'r Winch," replied Scip, gravely; "if I gets de little gal and de money, I expects to do my duty by 'em bof."

The dim, dim eyes of the dying man strained themselves in a last long scrutiny of the negro's face, and then he feebly said:

"Somehow I feel to trust you, boy. I've always noticed that a real honest, sensible nigger was more reliable than any mean white fellow you could pick up. I want her to go North—I was raised in old Massachusetts myself, though I'm Southern principles right straight through—but I'd sooner my girl married a Yankee—Scip—I believe I'm going—hand, boy—you'll—be good to—"

"I will dat, Mas'r, I will dat. You kin trust me, Mas'r—I 'clare to goodness, you kin trust me." And Scip repeated the comfortable assurance again and again, until the hand he held grew cold and heavy in his own, and the pallor of the father's face changed to the awful gray of death.

Then Scipio decently composed the corpse, covered it with the blankets, and went away through the wood to summon his fellow-laborers to dig a grave; and when all was over he lingered to swear above that grave a solemn oath that the trust committed to him by the dying man should never be forgotten or slighted, but should employ his best energies and skill until its fulfillment.

How to proceed in the first steps of the matter, however, was a question which Scipio's mind was unable to solve satisfactorily. New Orleans was still in possession of the rebels, although Farragut's iron hand was already thundering at the gates; and Scip, who had fled from that city to join the Union army, knew but too well the punishment awaiting his recapture.

Also he knew, or had heard, the penalty of desertion from the paternal but severe employer he now served, and he shrewdly guessed that leave of absence from a corps momentarily expecting to meet the enemy was not to be obtained, even by a more influential applicant than himself.

"No," mused he, marching slowly back to camp in company with his fellow-laborers, "no, dere's no good axing jist to be 'fused. Dere's nuffin fer it but ter cut an' run same's I did afore, on'y dis time I's runnin' inter slavery an' afore I was runnin' out. Clare ter goodness I wish Mas'r Winch had done died 'fore I come along, or else I wish he'd been ugly an' hateful, so's I could ha' gone an' lef' him ter die alone. But he's got me now shore, an' I's a nigger, an' isn' gwine ter break my word like he'd ha' done—I's above it."

The chuckle closing this train of thought caught the ear of the young Lieutenant commanding the party, and, looking round, his merry blue eyes met the dark and humid ones of the negro.

"What is it, Scip?" asked careless Tom Vane, ignoring at one blow his own shoulder-straps, the private's color, and all sense of military etiquette.

"Noffin but my nonsense, Mas'r Vane," replied Scip; but a sudden inspiration darted into his mind.

"I'll ax his 'pinion an' device," thought he; and no sooner was the fatigue party dismissed and the Lieutenant's careless steps turned toward his own tent than Scip was at his elbow.

"Like ter tell you, Mas'r Vane, what [illegible] war laffin 'bout," said he, with a salute.

"Bless you, Scip, I don't care. I only asked, thinking there was some fun going. I'm not a father confessor, and you've as good a right to laugh at nothing as I have. Laugh away, my boy, and give a reason to no man. You're free now."

But Scip was not to be diverted from his purpose; and following the Lieutenant into his tent—empty just then—he proceeded to tell him the whole story of his interview with the rebel officer, his bequest, and the perplexity in which it had involved him.

The Lieutenant listened with interest, but shook his head at the negro's expressed determination to "cut and run" without the formality of leave-taking.

"Don't do that, Scip," said he, earnestly; "if you're caught you'll be shot, and if you're not you'll be called a coward and a skulker. Stick to the flag, and we'll all be in New Orleans before many weeks are over."

"Yes, but you see, Mas'r, de lilly missy won't be dar den. De missus dats got de care ob her am a red-hot rebel, an' an awful hard woman too; an' she'll be off 'fore our folks gets into de city, she will shore, an' de Lord on'y knows what'll come to de pickaninny. No, Mas'r, I's got to go right d'rectly an' resky dat ar chile an' dat ar property 'fore it's too late."

"Then you must get leave or it must be got for you. I'll see the Colonel—he's my uncle, you know— Stop! I've got an idea, Scip! Secret service and spying out the enemy's camp! Hurrah, my boy, I'll go too! See if I don't!"

Snatching his cap Lieutenant Vane dashed out of the tent without further explanation, leaving Scip open-mouthed with astonishment, and utterly bewildered by his companion's parting assurance.

"He go, too," muttered he. "De Lord ha' mercy ef I's got to tote he an' de lilly gal bof out o' Egypt. Reck'n my han's 'll be ober full."

He was still shaking his head in disapprobation of the idea when the young officer re-entered the tent, his face glowing, and his figure dilated with animation and importance.

"All right, Scip!" exclaimed he, breathlessly. "I've seen the Colonel, and we'll be off to-night. He wants to communicate with some one inside, and the secret service men are all off. You're to go and speak to him directly."

"To de Kunnel, Mas'r?"

"Yes, come along; I'll go with you."

It was in the dusk of an autumn evening, some days after the death of Lieutenant Winch, that a Confederate officer, pale, travel-stained, wearing his arm in a sling and his head in a bandage, slowly mounted the steps of the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans, leaning heavily as he did so upon the shoulder of his negro servant. A sharp-eyed and morose-looking individual, who had patiently followed them in their slow progress through the city, sauntered up the steps after them, and into the office, where the wounded officer was already inscribing his name.

"A bedroom, if you please, and supper," said he to the clerk as he threw down the pen.

"Yes, Sir. Jim, show the gent to 46. Gong will sound in fifteen minutes, Sir."

"Very well. Come, Joe."

The officer left the room, followed by his servant, and the sharp-eyed man who had stood, meantime, staring out at the window and picking his teeth in an abstracted manner, sauntered up to the desk and laid a detaining hand upon the book the clerk had been about to close.

"William Sewall, Captain C.S.A., and servant," read he. "H'm! That story of escaping from the Yanks and making his way down here from Corinth sounds bogus to me, though it may be. It suited the Colonel, it seems, but I'll be hanged if I would have let him pass so easy. Any way, a little watching won't hurt any body, and I'll keep an eye on him and that sly-looking nigger of his."

Captain William Sewall, C.S.A., with his servant Joe, had meantime installed himself comfortably in No. 46, and closed the door. No sooner was this done, however, than he opened it again, and thrusting out his head, watched the retreating figure of the white-jacketed waiter until it disappeared down the stairs, then glanced warily through the corridor; and finally reclosing and locking the door, mounted a chair to shut the blind above it, open for the sake of the air. This done he nimbly skipped to the floor, released his arm from the sling, and used it to flourish above his head the C.S.A. cap, somewhat incongruously accompanying the gesture with the whispered apostrophe—

"Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue! And three more for Tom Vane and Scip— What's your name, boy?"

"Scip, Mas'r; nuffin more," returned the negro, with a broad grin and a look of acute apprehension cleverly done into one.

"Scip, Scipio, then; that shall be it. Now, Scip, don't be scared, nor roll your big eyes at that door any more. Every thing is as safe as possible outside, and I've calmed down now. But I'd got to rid myself of the patriotism bottled in all day, somehow or another, or I should have burst. And to think of the cheeky manner we have managed it! Coming straight to the crack hotel and registering myself Captain, C.S.A.! What a story for the fellows when we get back to camp! But, Scip, it was the right way. They didn't half like my story at the outpost back there, and I shrewdly suspect we have been watched and followed. Did you notice that fellow who came up the steps just after us?"

"Yes, Mas'r, an' I'se seed dat feller afore. Mighty mean trash, I reck'n. Nebber seemed much 'count, dough he's allus hangin' roun' wid gen'lemen tryin' ter look as ef he b'longed wid 'em."

"Just the fellow for a spy, I dare say, and we must look out for him," said Lieutenant Vane, more thoughtfully than he had yet spoken. "Now, Scip, it is my opinion that the sooner we're out of this the better; and also that it will not be well for us to be found at home if any gentleman should take a fancy to call upon us this evening. So, before we have our supper, I will go out and transact the Colonel's business, while you call at the school, show the written order I have given you from the father of Miss Fanny Disbrowe, take the young lady, and bring her here. Then about midnight we'll visit the church-yard and wake the ghost of old Levert, whoever he may have been; and after breakfast, if all seems tranquil, or sooner if there's any fuss, we'll shake off the dust of this charming sink of iniquity and go out as we came in."

"Wouldn' it be better, Mas'r, fer ter make shore ob de money fust, and get de pick'ninny arterwards?" queried Scip, cunningly.

"No, my boy; for we may have to leave without any time for parting calls, and I'd rather risk the child and no money, than get the money and abandon the child."

"Dat so, Mas'r. Dat what I call real hon'able sentiment. Do credit to a collud pusson, Mas'r, dat idee."

Captain Sewall, C.S.A., strolled leisurely down the stairs, followed by his servant; paused in the office to light a cigar, and to audaciously inform the clerk that if any one asked for him he should say he had gone out for some calls, and might not return till late; and then passed down the steps and up the now lighted street.

"He's a coming arter, Mas'r," muttered Scip, closing up to his master's side after a few minutes.

"All right. You strike off down this lane, and let him follow me. He'll be none the wiser for seeing where I go," was the equally cautious reply; and a moment after the negro suddenly dived into a black alley, and, hiding himself in a doorway, saw that the *mouchard*, only pausing to cast one long glance after him, hurried on in pursuit of his more important game.

"Go 'long, you fool! an' I should tink de debbil ud feel 'shamed to have turned out sich a mean specimen ob a chile!" muttered Scip, wrathfully, as he stole to the head of the alley and watched the retreating figure dogging his master's footsteps. When both were out of sight the negro cautiously emerged, and after following in the same direction for a short distance, struck off into a side street, and presently ran up the steps of a handsome square house whose front door-plate bore the inscription:

MADAME LEMOND'S
SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

To the servant who opened the door Scipio announced his errand, and committed his credentials, in the form of an order from J. Disbrowe to Madame Lemond, to commit to the negro Joe, handing her the paper, the custody of his daughter Fanny, with the property belonging to her.

After ten minutes of the door-mat, Scip was desired to walk up stairs, and being presently ushered into the drawing-room, found Madame Lemond—a little, nervous-looking Frenchwoman—standing in the centre of the room, the order in her hand.

"Your name, boy?" asked she, rapidly, as Scipio passed inside the door, bowing humbly.

"Joe, Mist's."

"And who sent you?"

"Mas'r Sewall, Mist's. Mas'r Disbrowe axed him ter fetch de lilly mist's outer dis place 'fore de Yankees git in, kase dey's gwine ter kill ebery livin' soul dey find, women an' chilen an' all."

"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, clasping her hands and turning deadly pale. "They will do that, then?"

"Course dey will, Mist's, an' dey's like ter hab de chance mighty soon. Mas'r Disbrowe said fer us be shore an' bring de lilly gal away 'fore to-morrow mornin'."

"I shall go myself. Rosalie must stay and send off the children. I must go—this very night!" muttered Madame Lemond, rising from the chair where she had sunk, and tottering toward the door.

"Will Missy Fanny be done got ready pretty soon?" interposed Scip, seeing that both he and his errand were forgotten.

"Oh!"—and Madame Lemond paused to violently ring the bell. A pretty mulatto girl answered it immediately.

"Put up Miss Disbrowe's clothes, dress her for walking, and bring her down to this man, who is to take her home. Then come to my room," ordered the mistress; and, with a slight nod by way of adieu

to Scip, glided from the room and ran hastily up stairs. The servant followed; and Scip, finding himself alone, allowed the funereal gravity of his sable visage to relax into a grin, becoming by degrees so broad as to reveal nearly the whole of a magnificent set of teeth.

"Golly! scared she pooty well!" muttered he, and cast an admiring eye about the room, thickly strewn with these articles *de luxe* so utterly useless, and yet so seductive, in the way of loot, to the rank and file of an invading army.

"Berry pooty pickin's here," continued Scip. "An' seein's our folks 'll be here 'morrer or nex' day, reck'n I'll take my share now."

As he spoke, Scipio's black paw descended upon an elegant paper-weight of ebony and silver, with a golden folder and pen-holder lying beside it. These he rapidly transferred to one of his pockets, and rolled his eyes upon a silver card basket and gold-stoppered essence-bottle a little farther on. But even as the great black fingers closed upon the basket Scipio paused and drew back.

"Dat no fashion fer soldier in de Fed'ral Army be cuttin' up," muttered he. "Do well 'nough fer sarvent, or mean white trash; but mabbe some day I's be an ossifer an' a gen'leman."

More rapidly than they had disappeared, the paper-weight, the folder, and the pen-handle emerged from the pocket of the future "ossifer;" and although in the half hour ensuing between that moment and Miss Disbrowe's appearance Scipio's keen eyes examined and admired every article in the room, not the point of his smallest finger was allowed to touch any one of them; and when Rosalie, the pretty mulatto, opened the door for the young lady to enter, she found him waiting in the very attitude and very spot where she had left him.

"Here's Miss Disbrowe, Joe, and her trunk's in the hall. Mist's is calling—good-by, Miss Fanny."

"Good-by, Rosie. Joe, are you papa's servant?"

"No, Miss, I's Cap'n Sewall's boy. But your pappy sent fer you by us."

The little girl allowed her dark eyes to rest upon the face of her strange guide for a moment, and then, straightening her graceful figure with an involuntary movement of self-reliance and decision, said,

"Very well, Joe. I am quite ready."

In the hall, as Rosalie had said, stood the young lady's modest trunk, and Scipio, shouldering it easily, led the way into the street, closely followed by his little charge.

"Where is papa?" asked she, as they slowly walked up the dimly-lighted street.

"He was 'bout twenty mild from here, missy, las' time I heerd from him," said Scip, congratulating himself upon the evasion that yet was no lie.

"And is he pretty well?" asked the child, raising her great eyes curiously to the negro's face.

"Fus'-rate, missy. He nebber war so well in his life afore."

Scip spoke confidently and even cheerfully; but glancing down at the delicate little face upraised to his he found there a solemn doubt, a dawning suspicion, impossible to meet or combat.

"Reck'n, missy, we'd bestest hurry up a lilly bit. Mas'r Sewall will be waitin' fer us," said he, hurriedly; and the rest of the walk was performed with silent rapidity.

Arrived at the St. Charles, Scip led his little charge directly to the room retained by his master, and, placing the trunk upon the floor, asked, with even a tender accent in his rough voice,

"Kin I do sumfin fer you, lilly missy? or does you want de chamber-maid fer to help you ondress? Has you had some supper, missy?"

Miss Fanny Disbrowe seated herself upon her trunk, folded her pretty hands in her lap, and fixed again upon the negro those dark and searching eyes beneath whose glance he had already quailed. A pale and delicate child, with slender figure and grave face, colorless save for the curved crimson of the lips, and the dark depths of those great eyes; with a self-contained and resolute expression too, wonderful to see upon a face so young and fresh, so childlike in its purity and dreamy innocence. Very self-possessed was this little maid, and she quietly finished her survey of the coarse face and uncouth figure of the negro before she replied.

"No, I thank you, Joe, I don't want any supper nor the chamber-maid, but I want to see Captain Sewall. I like you very well, but I want to see him."

As if in answer to her wish, a rapid step sounded down the corridor, and the next moment the door of the bedroom was thrown open.

"Back, Scip! Oh!"

And Lieutenant Vane, who had for a moment forgotten the alias of his sable ally, turned and looked anxiously through the hall. All was safe there, but as he entered the room and closed the door he encountered a gaze that showed him the error had been noticed and commented upon by at least one listener.

"Miss Disbrowe, I presume," said the Lieutenant, taking off his cap and advancing smilingly with outstretched hand. But the slender hands folded so tightly upon Miss Disbrowe's lap never stirred, and it was with a yet more earnest look into his face than had searched the negro's that she asked,

"Did my father send you for me, Sir?"

"Certainly, my dear young lady—that is to say, he sent this man, and I came with him," replied the Lieutenant.

"And what made you call him Scip when his name is Joe?" pursued the little inquisitor.

"Oh, I forgot just then," stammered Lieutenant Vane, more discomposed than he would have acknowledged.

"I think I will go back to Madame Lemond's and wait until papa can come for me himself."

She rose as she spoke and walked toward the door, but her self-made guardian threw himself in the way.

"Stop, child!" cried he, eagerly, "I will tell you the whole truth if you will only wait, and you will see that it was in kindness that I wished to deceive you."

The little girl turned even paler than she had been before, but paused, and by her inquiring look demanded his meaning.

"Sit down, my dear, and don't imagine for a moment that I have any wish to harm or deceive you," said the young man, placing a chair and motioning her toward it with even a beseeching look.

The child seated herself, but with a queenly air that said she did but defer her decision, and the young officer, standing before her, proceeded with his defense, telling as tenderly as he might of her father's death upon the battle-field, of Scip's care and kindness toward him, of the father's dying wishes and bequest, and finally of the negro's consultation with himself, his own connection with the matter, and the consequent deception or rather strategy he had found necessary to practice.

The young girl listened attentively, shedding not a tear at news of her father's death, although the look of blank desolation upon her face showed how deep the blow had struck to her orphaned heart.

At the close she came and put her hand in that of the speaker.

"You will be the same as my father now, won't you?" asked she, simply.

A half smile struggled with the quiver on the young man's lips. He was twenty-five years old, and Miss Fanny about thirteen.

"I will take the same care of you as if you were my own little sister Alice," said he. "And I will take you to her, and to my mother among the pleasant hills of Vermont, if you will go," added he, kindly.

"And Scip too—I love you for what you did for him," said the child, going to place her slender white hands in the great black ones of the negro, and laying her head for a moment upon his brawny shoulder. Of course Scip began to cry—your genuine African, impressible as a child, requires but one tone of pathos to bring his tears, one strain of joy to awake his mirth.

"And now, Sir, what shall we do first?"

"Why, I think you had better stay here and try to get a night's rest," replied the Lieutenant, a little startled by the prompt tone of the appeal.

"Scip and I have something to do to-night, and shall not have time to go to bed at all."

"Well, good-night. Good-night, Scip!"

The night was dark and tempestuous, the wind sighing and moaning through the trees of the abandoned cemetery like wails of the naked souls lamenting above their lost bodies.

"'Clare to goodness, Mas'r, dis yer's a ugly sort o' job. Reck'n we bes' clar out 'fore any ting gits us," whispered Scipio, clinging to his master's coat.

"Nonsense, Scip, where's old Levert's grave?"

"Way ober dere, Mas'r. Whar dat great wite ting am movin' 'bout. De Lord sabe us—what he?"

"It's a poplar-tree, you fool, blowing in the wind. Don't be such a coward, or at least hold your tongue," exclaimed the Lieutenant angrily, as he made his way across the mounded turf and the glimmering head-stones to the far corner of the place.

"De debbil—what dat! De Lord forgib me sayin' dat ar word!" and Scip's clinging fingers clutched his master's arm like iron clamps.

"What's what, you blockhead?"

"I see somfin'—don' know what he be!" gasped the negro, his teeth chattering audibly.

"Now, Scip, this won't do. I thought you were more of a man. Recollect we don't have cowards in the Union army, and if you can't walk through a church-yard after dark without all this fuss, how are you going to face a rebel battery?"

The argument was final. Scip would have silently allowed himself to be flayed alive sooner than be pronounced unworthy of his uniform, and although his progress was still marked by an obligato accompaniment of chattering teeth, he let go his officer's arm, held his tongue, and stoutly led the way toward his ominous El Dorado.

"Dis um, Mas'r. Dis ole Levert's grave," said he at last, in a subdued voice, as he laid his hand upon a broad granite monument standing by itself in one corner of the grounds.

"Well, you've got the spade. Begin to dig while I light the dark lantern. The sooner we're through the better."

"Dat so, Mas'r," muttered the negro, plunging his spade deep into the turf which had been carefully replaced after the burial of the treasure. The Lieutenant lighting his lantern and shielding it with his coat, took his place upon the other side of the grave, directing the stream of light upon the spot where Scipio dug. For some moments the click of the shovel and rattle of the stony earth were the only sounds audible, except the soughing of the wind and the drowsy hum of the sleeping city. The shovel struck with a metallic and hollow sound upon some resisting substance. Scip suddenly raised his head, crying, exultantly:

"Dat's it shore 'nough, Mas'r!" and in the same instant dropped his shovel, uttered a dismal yell, and turning to flee caught his foot in the long grass, fell sprawling, and lay upon his face kicking and shrieking, much like a child who has undergone maternal discipline, and between pain, rage, and fright, declines to recover his composure.

Lieutenant Vane, startled by the yell, hastily raised his own eyes in the direction Scipio had looked, saw what he had seen, and not unaptly exclaimed:

"The Devil!"

Perhaps it was. At any rate it might have been, if the devil may be supposed to present himself behind a dark repulsive face, covered with a shock of black beard and hair, and to look greedily down from the top of a monument with glittering eyes, and a ghastly grinning mouth, into the bowels of a wicked man's grave.

Lieutenant Vane did not run, like the poor African, away from the danger, but straight toward it, darting round the monument in fact, just in time to grasp the descending legs of the supposititious demon, finding them encased, not in flame-colored tights, but gray shoddy trowsers of Confederate cut and make. With a hearty kick and heartier curse the apparition would have freed itself, but the sinewy arms of the young Green Mountain athlete were around him, and his panting voice growling:

"Come now! None of that! I've got you! Here, Scip—quick, you rascal!—bring the lantern!"

Encouraged by the mundane air the struggle had assumed, Scip, ceasing his lamentations, rose gingerly to his feet, and craning his neck so as to look behind the granite shaft, beheld his master struggling fiercely with a tall, dark figure, formidable certainly, but yet of the form and proportions of a man.

A sudden grin illuminated Scipio's features, and seizing the shovel he had dropped, he crept quietly up, and, with no note of warning, brought down the oaken handle upon the stranger's head.

"Twon't do no harm whateber he be," muttered he; and found himself justified in his conclusion as the dark form fell silent and motionless at his feet.

The Lieutenant, suddenly released from those long, serpent-like arms, staggered back a step, then darted toward the lantern, and turned it upon the face of his fallen foe.

"Ole Jarvis, shore 'nough!" exclaimed Scip, bending over the body with the same air of disgust he might have bestowed upon the crushed carcass of a reptile.

Five minutes more, and the spy, bound hand and foot, with a gag in his mouth, was securely lashed to the monument, and left to collect his scattered but returning senses at his leisure.

"Now, Scip, you stay here and keep guard and finish getting out the box, while I return for the little girl. Then we will be off before daylight," suggested the Lieutenant, wiping his forehead.

"No, Mas'r. You stop an' let me go. Mabbe dey's got 'spicious ob us, an' might want fer ter keep you. If dey stop me tain't so much matter, you see."

"I don't see any such thing, Scip. If there's danger it's for me to face it sooner than you."

"But, Mas'r, if you leave me 'long o' dis yer white libered skunk I specs I'll kill him 'fore yer git back. 'Pears like I couldn' help it nohow."

"Come, come, Scip; that won't do. To kill a prisoner in cold blood would disgrace us forever. Say you are afraid to stay alone among the graves, and I'll let you go."

"Well, Mas'r, I be, den. I isn' 'fraid ob all de sojers nor all de slabe-dribers in 'leens, but I is mos' powerful 'fraid ob de dead men."

"That's honest, Scip, any way. Well, go your way, and manage the best you can; you won't mind a lie or two, I dare say, if it's necessary."

"Dat part ob de strategy ob war, Mas'r," replied Scip, gravely; and the Lieutenant assented with a nod.

"If I doesn' get here by daylight, Mas'r, you jes take de box and put fer camp. I's jine you dere somehow, I reck'n."

"If you are not here by daylight I shall come and look for you, Scip," replied Tom Vane, steadily; "and now, my lad, the quicker the better."

The distant clocks struck four, and a soft gray crept through the black mist that had shut in the lonely watcher as with a wall. Through it came Scipio, a huge bundle upon his shoulder, a little patient figure by his side.

The Lieutenant reached round the monument and dragged the prisoner's cap low upon his face, that the fast-increasing light might not aid him in tracing their progress—saw that the bonds were strong and unshaken, and then, with the treasure-box in his hand, went to meet his companions.

"'Clare to goodness, Mas'r, it's lucky it wor me went an' not you. I's lied till I war black in de face, an' you know it don' show on me," announced Scip, with an exultant chuckle.

"All right; but let us be moving. You shall tell me as we go. Miss Fanny, can you walk fast?"

"Yes, Sir. Never mind me any more than if I were a soldier too, and you needn't call me Miss," replied the child, whose glowing eyes, steadily bent forward, seemed eager to outstrip her nimble feet.

Taking her hand in his, the young soldier led her quickly on; and, as dawn brightened into daylight, passed with the stolen countersign safely through the rebel outposts, and a mile farther on paused at a deserted plantation to mount the horses carefully secreted there upon the preceding afternoon.

"You must ride behind me, Fanny. See—I have strapped your bundle of clothes on for a pillow, and you will hold tight around my waist. Can you?" asked Lieutenant Tom, merrily.

A bright color flashed across the clear, pale cheek of the little maid, but she answered calmly,

"I think so. I was never on a horse."

"Oh well. Only cling tight to me and you will do," returned the young man, hastily flinging himself into the saddle. "Now, Scip, put her up."

The negro obeyed, and, with the precious chest safe strapped to his own saddle, mounted in turn. The spirited horses, full fed with rebel corn, and wild with the delicious air of early morning, tossed their heads with an exultant neigh, and darted forward. Vane felt the slender arms tighten about his waist, and found time to smile over his shoulder into the pale, determined little face close behind, and to say half kindly, half fondly,

"Never fear, little Fanny, only cling tight to me."

"Golly, Mas'r! dat feller's got loose a'ready! Look a' dah!" shouted Scip, as, pausing on the crest of a long-winding hill, they looked back upon the rebel camp, through whose outpost they had safely passed a couple of hours before. Hastening out from that very outpost, like ants hurrying from an invaded ant-hill, could now be distinguished a number of black specs moving rapidly along the white stripe of road leading toward the position of the fugitives.

"Dey's got de news, an' dey's chasin' us, Mas'r!" exclaimed Scip, his great eyes glaring with ardor and excitement.

"They are right. It is a fine morning for a ride, and I trust they will enjoy it. Let us be getting on, Scip," replied the Lieutenant, quietly; and not a word more was exchanged until fifteen good miles lay between the fugitives and the useless pursuit.

That night Lieutenant Vane reported himself to his Colonel, and a few days afterward obtained a short furlough, just long enough to enable him to rush hurriedly home to the old parsonage among the Vermont hills, and to leave there the little, quiet, thoughtful companion of his travels, who shed no tear when he bade her good-by, but stood gazing from the window with such a heart-broken look to her dark eyes and pale lips, that good motherly Mrs. Vane threw her arms about her and wept, as she had not wept in bidding her only boy God-speed!

Leave her there, growing daily in grace and stature—growing too more deeply, day by day, into the hearts of those wise and kindly guardians who care for her, body and mind and soul, while her strange fortune, fostered in the hands of a wise and honest financier, grows also, and will some day make a splendid dowry for the child of the dead rebel.

Lieutenant Vane—Captain Vane before the war was over—did not come home when peace was declared, but, becoming master of a great plantation, applied the same energy and courage to its restoration and improvement that he had once done to the devastation and impoverishing of a hundred such in rebel hands.

And Scip? Ah! what is to be the fate of Scip, and thousands, millions like him?

Scip waits; and also waits the fortune he has destined to the ennobling and upraising of his race.

BROADCAST THY SEED.

BROADCAST thy seed!
Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop and wither there—
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil, and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew, and ripening shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed!

IDOL WORSHIP.

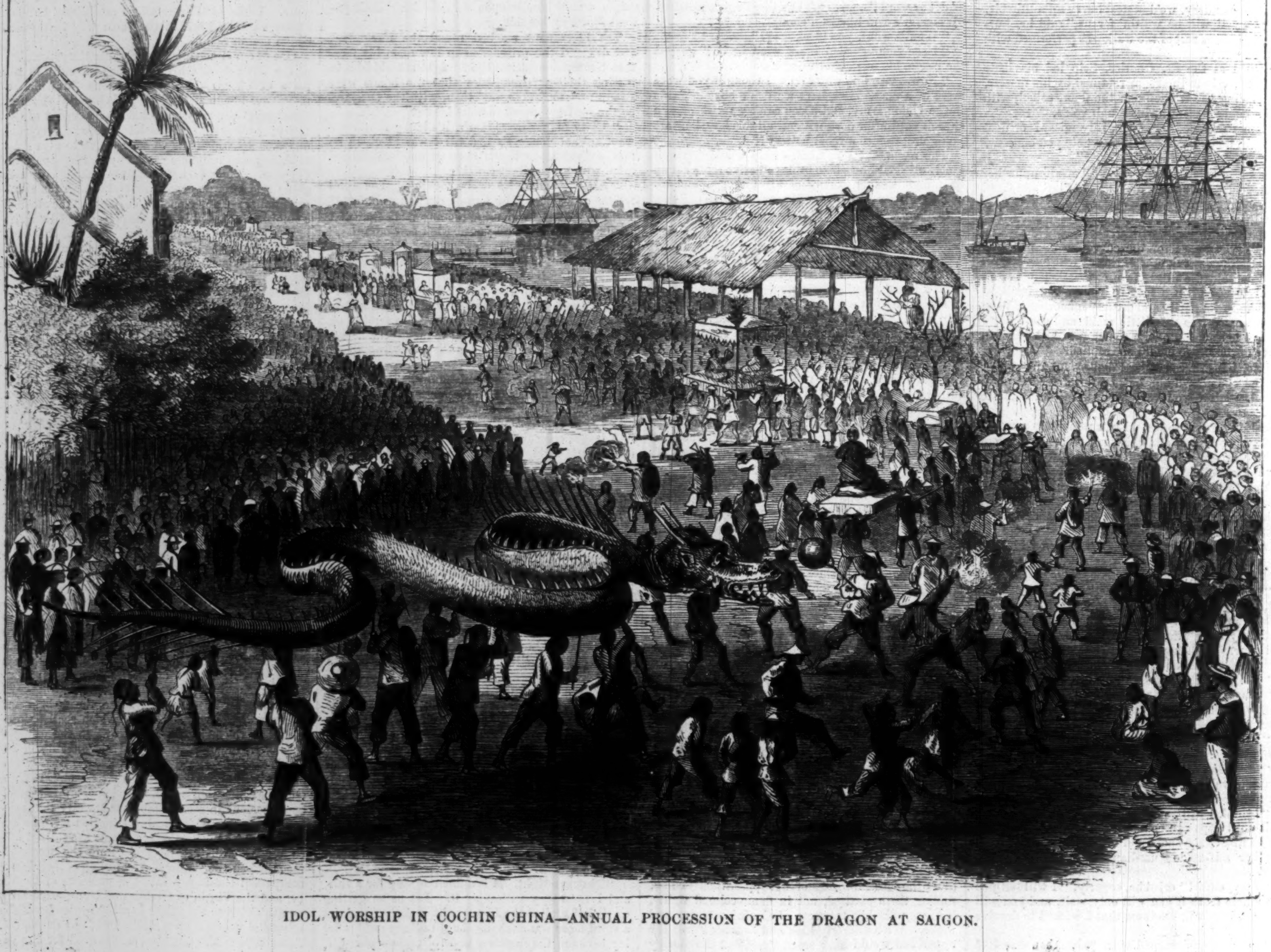
THE essential features of human superstition are very much the same all the world over; only the accidental traits differ. The faith by which the Roman Catholic reposes upon the image of his patron saint or of the Virgin for his protection is, at its root, the same which led the ancients to believe in the power of an image of a patron goddess to protect themselves and their cities; the only difference being that the one is nominally Christian and the other nominally heathen. With only this difference also, the principle which underlies the two remarkable instances of idol worship, which we illustrate on the succeeding page, is one and the same. Under similar religious conditions, human nature exhibits itself in the same way in Cochin China and in Spain.

One of our illustrations represents the procession of the Dragon, which takes place annually in all parts of China. These processions—in which a monstrous image of the Dragon is paraded through the streets—are very remarkable on account of the costumes adopted, and the decorations of every description by which the Chinese strive to give *éclat* to their grand religious ceremony. They spare no expense. They deck themselves out in silk and gold; and a single procession costs about ten thousand dollars of our money. To describe the musical exhibition afforded in this display would be quite impossible—the instruments all being of that sort which secures the greatest possible amount of noise. Their cymbals are half a yard in diameter, and are played with astounding vigor. At the head of the procession flaming standards are borne, followed by the mandarins of the first class bearing sacred ornaments, and these by the musicians and palanquins laden with fruits of every sort. Then follows the *gens d'armes* armed with every kind of weapon, ancient or modern, of Chinese warfare. Then, after a long troop of gods and goddesses, represented by youths and maidens, follows the image of the great Dragon, which measures from 30 to 40 yards in length. Those who bear the image manage to make the idol represent the undulations and writhings of a real dragon—which Mr. DOOLITTLE, in his interesting work on "The Social Life of the Chinese," calls "manœuvring the Dragon."

The second illustration represents a proceeding no less curious than that which we have just described. Just before the late important event which gave another possible heir to the Spanish throne, a Royal carriage, richly appointed, and attended by priests, soldiers, and outriders, was seen passing through the street of Atocha. Within this carriage rode an official whose duties are somewhat remarkable—no less a personage, in fact, than the mistress of the robes to the Virgin of Aranjuez. To this image of the Virgin the Queen applies on every succeeding occasion like that which has just taken place; and for some months previous to the interesting event the highest of the Court milliners and dress-makers are consulted as to the fashion and richness of the votive offering which shall be presented to the holy effigy. It was to the conveyance of this magnificent robe, all bejeweled and belaced, that the Royal carriage and its *cortége* was devoted; and it was believed that the object of the Queen's veneration would, when opportunity served, be efficacious in securing for her Majesty that safety and comfort which in her situation were so desirable. Our illustration represents the solemn ceremony which took place just before the accouchement, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo accompanied the image into the presence of Royalty, and the Virgin of Olvido was transported for a month's visit to the palace in all the splendor of the robes and jewels with which it had been decorated. Some days before the time announced for the re-

IDOL WORSHIP IN SPAIN—THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO CONVEYING THE IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN OF OLVIDO TO THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

ception of the little Royal stranger, the Archbishop of Toledo, Cardinal Father Tirilo, set out by special train to fetch the Virgin from the convent of San Pascual, at Aranjuez, and was accompanied by a priest, whose sacred duty it was to carry the image, as though he were bearing a doll. Our illustration is taken from a sketch representing the entrance of the Archbishop to the railway station, where, as usual, a number of the faithful had assembled to witness the deportation of the image whose presence in Madrid was expected to be so serviceable to the Queen in her hour of trouble.



IDOL WORSHIP IN COCHIN CHINA—ANNUAL PROCESSION OF THE DRAGON AT SAIGON.

GOVERNOR HAWLEY, OF CONNECTICUT.

Major-General Joseph R. Hawley, Governor elect of Connecticut, was born in Richmond County, North Carolina, October 31, 1826. His parents removed to Connecticut when he was eleven years of age. After his graduation at Hamilton College, New York, in 1847, he studied law, entering upon the practice of his profession in Hartford, 1850. In politics he acted with the Free Soil Party. After a practice of six years, becoming very deeply interested in the struggle against the extension of slavery, he became editor of the Hartford *Evening Press* (an organ of the new Republican Party) in 1857, and took a very active part as a speaker in the political campaigns, which were always bitterly contested in Connecticut.

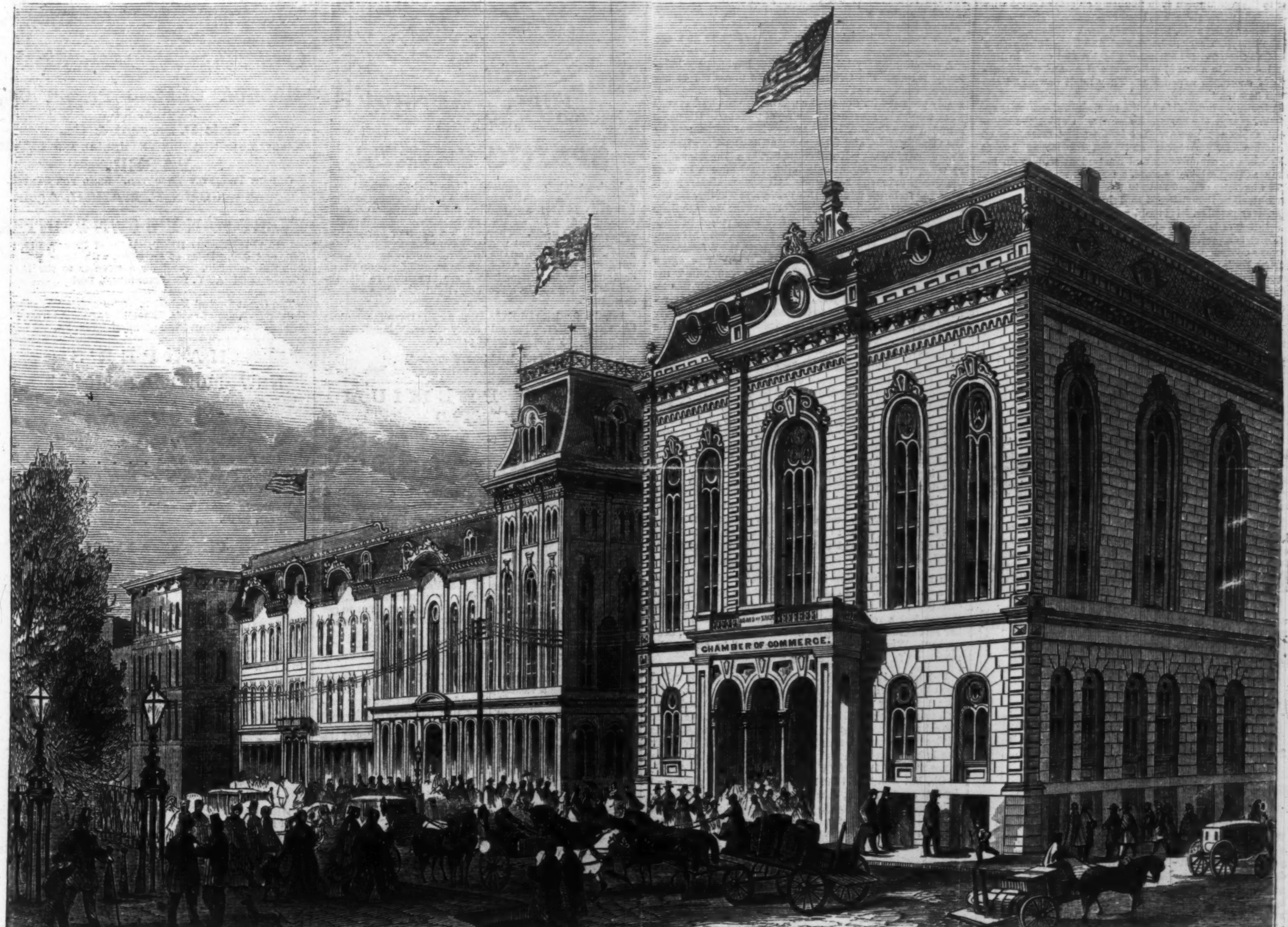
On the breaking out of the rebellion and the publication of Mr. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men he drew up an enlistment paper, and headed the list as the first volunteer from Connecticut. Associated with him was A. W. Drake, a young Democratic lawyer, who afterward died as Colonel of the Tenth Connecticut. Ignorant of drill, the volunteers selected George S. Burnham, afterward Colonel of the Twenty-second Connecticut, as their Captain, Hawley being First Lieutenant and Drake Second. Burnham was immediately promoted, and Hawley became Captain, in which capacity he served honorably three months, and was especially commended by his brigade commander, General Keyes, for good conduct at Bull Run. Upon his discharge he accepted a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut, of which Major-General Terry (the hero of Fort Fisher) was Colonel, and assisted in raising and equipping the regiment. The Seventh went on the original Sherman Port Royal expedition, and was the first ashore at Hilton Head. With his regiment Lieutenant-Colonel Hawley was in the siege of Fort Pulaski, and immediately after, upon Terry's promotion, Hawley became Colonel of the Seventh.

When General Seymour prepared for his Florida campaign he selected as his brigade commanders Colonel Hawley, Colonel Jack Montgomery, of Kansas fame, and Colonel Barton, of the Forty-Eighth New York. At the battle of Olustee, Colonel Hawley's brigade commenced the fight, and the Seventh Connecticut, under his guidance, was the last regiment out. He was in the battle for three and a half hours, never once dismounting from his horse, although greatly increasing his danger by being thus conspicuous, while his men were lying down fighting with their breech-loading rifles. Of about 4700 actually engaged in that battle over 1800 were killed or wounded, Colonel Hawley's brigade losing its full share, or over 38 per cent. For his gallantry on the occasion General Seymour urgently requested his promotion.

In April, 1864, Colonel Hawley came to Virginia with his regiment, and was assigned to the command of a brigade in Terry's division of the Tenth Corps, in the Army of the James. In the battle of Drewry's Bluff he lost between 400 and 500 men, and his conspicuous gallantry in the three days of that fight called forth warm praise from his commanders, General Stannard, of Vermont—a brave officer, who subsequently lost an arm at Chaffin's Farm—complimenting him on the field for his marked coolness and courage. The campaign before Richmond and Petersburg was an almost unintermitted series of battles and skirmishes from May to November, unequaled before in the world's history, and of all the hard service Colonel Hawley had fully his share. At Deep Run, in August, he lost twenty per cent. of his command, and for his conduct there Major-General Birney, his corps commander, requested General Terry to forward a recommendation for his promotion, which being approved by Generals Birney and Butler, in addition to others previously forwarded, secured his commission as Brigadier-General in September, 1864.

When General Terry went to Fort Fisher he left General Hawley in command of his division, as the fittest man for that important position. Later, after General Hawley joined his brigade at Wilmington, General Scofield assigned to him the duty of keeping open his lines of communication, as he moved up to join Gen-

MAJOR-GENERAL J. R. HAWLEY, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CONNECTICUT.



THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[See First Page.]

eral Sherman. At Wilmington and Richmond, after hostilities had ceased, General Hawley performed, in an administrative capacity, perhaps as arduous and important duties as at any time during his four years in the army. He returned to Connecticut November 1, 1865, and was soon after honorably discharged. February 14, 1866, he received a two-thirds vote on an informal ballot, and was then nominated by acclamation for Governor by the Union party. He was elected April 2, by 500 majority, after a fierce contest, in which he vigorously stumped the State.

Governor Hawley is most devoted to the Republican party, and desires its harmony and a continuance of its rule in the country upon its well-known liberal and thoroughly Democratic principles.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fashion has decidedly changed, we fancy, since Sir John Suckling wrote the pretty stanza:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

The "little mice" have grown wonderfully bold in these latter days, and have no occasion to *steal* "*out*," being most unmistakably "*out*" when "on duty" in the public thoroughfare. Perhaps the description given by Maitland, who wrote about a hundred years earlier than Suckling, will better suit our times, in spite of the old-fashioned orthography:

"Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
With garten of ane new maneir
To gar their courtliness be knawin;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

"Sometimes they will beir up their gown
To shaw their willcoat hingan down;
And sometimes both they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for newfangleness of geir."

It is passing strange that American women can not adopt a sensible fashion without carrying it to ridiculous extremes. But so it is: every thing runs into excesses; dresses must be *very* long or *very* short; *very* wide or *very* narrow—little regard being paid to "moderation."

The fashion of looping street-dresses is unquestionably sensible. Neatness, comfort, and health demand that the drapery should not trail through wet, dusty, or dirty streets, and that the foot should not be unduly trammeled. So also, whatever may be said to the contrary, physicians are agreed that the much-abused crinoline is more conducive to health than the multitudinous skirts in which ladies were wont to enwrap themselves previous to its modern introduction.

But when to the looped dress and short petticoats is added the extra-fashionable, bell-shaped, four-and-a-half-yards-wide-at-the-base, crinoline, the combination is not simply inelegant, it is ridiculous and indecent. No modest woman would willingly subject herself to the inevitable exposure and remark which such a costumé causes. Better adopt the Bloomer style, ladies, than run the risk of such exhibitions as are becoming frightfully common in our streets, and which are the occasion of many a rude jest.

A lady belonging to the Episcopal Church the other day remarked: "I think it is *wicked* for ministers to admit to the communion such flaunting objects as some who presented themselves on Easter Sunday. They came marching up the aisle, their hands stuck into the pockets of their stylish sacks—befrizzled and becurled—with a bit of silk somewhere among the braids and curls in lieu of a bonnet—in a sort of ball-room attire—and with crinoline of enormous expansion. They knelt down and the hoops flew up."

It is simply impossible for the most skillful wearer properly to manage the huge monstrosities in which the ultra-fashionable now parade. Let ladies adopt crinolines of moderate circumference; and then the looped dresses which are so comfortable and convenient will again become, as they originally were, a tasteful, modest fashion.

The exercise of good taste in this matter is the more important, since it is rumored that short skirts are to be more than ever popular. It is said that the costliness and ornamentation of boots and shoes indicate this.

There is a proposal to ornament shoes intended for ball-rooms and dancing with precious stones, as was the custom during Louis XVI.'s reign. It was then called the *venez y voir* style, and in those days some great ladies wore fortunes on their feet. Such exaggerations are most ridiculous. Although it is scarcely possible to be too neat and particular "about the feet," simplicity is a primary principle in that portion of the toilet. For those who admire and adopt the quieter and more reasonable fashions, no boots can be better suited to spring wear than those simply made of either black kid or black poplin. The poplin, if desired, may match the dress in color, but it is more frequently worn either black or gray. Boots made of good French satin, and fastened with crystal buttons, are "well worn" for dressy occasions.

A few June days have accidentally dropped into April. A dreamy languor steals over body and mind, and fires and furs are alike oppressive. The grass is springing, the birds are singing, and the mischievous little moth-miller is flitting about. Ladies will do well to take seasonable care of their minks and sables.

A pair of tender lovers eloped from the vicinity of Albany a few days since. The gallant masculine was aged eighty-five, and the fair and fickle dame had seen seventy-five summers and about the same number of winters. Both were married and had large families, who "mourn their loss."

In olden times it was the custom to engrave mottoes upon or inside the wedding-ring. The following are specimens of nuptial mottoes:

"Let him never take a wife
That will not love her as his life."

"In thee, my love,
All joy I prove."

"Beyond this life
We'll love, dear wife."

"Divinely knit by grace are we,
Two made *one*; the pledge here see."

Some mottoes were admonitory, as—

"Silence ends strife
'Twixt man and wife."

"This ring should bind
Body and mind."

A Honolulu newspaper gives a tantalizing account of the luscious fruits which grow spontaneously in the Sandwich Islands. The most delicious oranges, it says, are a perfect drug in some districts; limes are seen rotting under the trees ankle-deep, bananas, mangoes, tamarinds, and pine-apples are abundant, to say nothing of "that splendid fruit, the chirimoya, that makes one's mouth water to think of!" Why don't somebody import a cargo of the *chirimoya*—whatever it may be?

At the recent *bal d'opera* at the Academy of Music, there appeared a prominent citizeness of Baltimore, who for some time past has been exerting herself in behalf of the Southern Relief Fair. It was reported that she "cried her eyes red because her young husband *would* take her away from her work, and make her expend so much on a costume, when the cry for common clothes and common food came up from the desolated hearth-stones of her fair Southern home-land." Her attire, though simple, was extremely elegant; and when complimented by a friend on her appearance, the lady replied, somewhat proudly: "My husband gave me a check for a thousand dollars, with special directions and supplications that I should get myself up worthy of myself and worthy of the occasion, and he assures me I have done so, though I bought nothing new but my gloves and my slippers and the magnolias in my hair."

The following anecdote is good enough for a second reading, if any one has chanced to meet with it before:

When Daniel Webster was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some being crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back. They said that it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said, in deep, stentorian tones, "Gentlemen, stand back." "It can not be done!" they shouted. "Gentlemen, stand back," said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossible?" repeated Mr. Webster; "impossible? *Nothing* is impossible on *Bunker Hill!*" and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

There are, it would seem, only six kinds of noses that are distinctly marked, and this classification is well known and of long standing, for an antique gem in the Florentine Museum gives us five out of the six. There are, however, in nature very few pure specimens of any class; almost all the noses one meets with are of a composite character; and are all naturally accompanied with equally composite mental characteristics.

Class I. The Roman Nose.
II. The Grecian Nose.
III. The Cogitative or wide-nostriled Nose.
IV. The Jewish Nose.
V. The Snub Nose.
VI. The Turn-up Nose, or Celestial.

The first three classes are the noble type of nose, the latter three are of the sordid and contemptible type. The noble classification was observed physiognomically from the very earliest times, for we have them distinctly portrayed in the Hindoo Trimurti in the caves of Elephanta. In this three-headed deity the profile of Vishnu, the "Preserver," is of a purely Greek model; while that of Siva, "the Destroyer," has a rough and energetic Roman nose. But Brahma, "the Creator," has a broad cogitative nostril, betokening wisdom and thought of the profoundest order. This is very remarkable, as showing that in the early ages of the world, although there was much less of what we call philosophy, there was a much more accurate intuition of truth than, in these latter times, we are ready to allow.

The etiquette of Court "drawing-rooms" has been quite revived since Queen Victoria has made her public appearance in them. A first "drawing-room" is an event long looked forward to, and much desired, by the young girl who is entering life, but she is rather rudely disturbed from her felicitations by the crowding and crushing of the ante-rooms. To her surprise and horror, stately dowagers and graceful young ladies struggle for first entrance with a determination and energy that is marvelous in so polite (?) an assemblage, and many are the shreds of lace, tips of feathers, dismembered flowers, and broken fans, that bear witness to the sharp encounter, not of the wits, but the crinolines of the ladies. Having smoothed her ruffled plumage a little after the crush, she is suddenly ushered into the presence of royalty, and before she is aware the long-studied courtesy is performed and the ceremony over.

A certain military officer, who, after having gone heroically through the Crimean war, was presented to her Majesty the Queen at a very crowded *levée*. Although tolerably prepared for the part he was to perform, he felt very ill at ease as he approached the royal presence. His name sounded like thunder in his ears as it was announced by the Chamberlain, and for a moment he stood bewildered before the Queen. "Kneel down, Sir," was the admonitory whisper; and accordingly he dropped on one knee as the Queen extended her hand. All his acquired knowledge fled from his mind at this crisis, and whether he was to shake hands with her Majesty or leave the delicate little hand, so graciously stretched out to him, poised in mid-air, like Mohammed's coffin, he knew not as, with his mental faculties in one hopeless whirl, he gazed as if fascinated upon it. "Kiss her Majesty's hand, Sir!" was again sternly whispered, as an audible titter ran round the Court circle—a sound in which the Queen herself was irresistibly compelled to join, when the gallant officer, relieved from his doubts as to how he was to act, seized her hand and impressed upon it so emphatic a kiss that the sound rang through the room. Hastily rising, he was about to retire with all speed, when an elderly Court functionary behind him exclaimed, in a tone of intense irritation, "Don't turn your back on her Majesty, Sir!" The poor officer, thus admonished and baited on every side, almost lost patience as he stepped quickly backward, and in so doing trod heavily on the gouty foot of his tormentor, who, while screwing up his face into a horrible expression of pain, dared not give vent to a sound. The officer, meantime, made good his retreat—a wicked delight in the sufferings of the courtly personage comforting him for his own disasters and breaches of Court etiquette.

A society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of executing a totally new and complete translation of the Holy Scriptures. In order to insure impartiality the task will be confined to learned men of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish religions.

In an Auckland (New Zealand) paper a girl advertises for a situation to take charge of a laundry or dairy. She can cook, and understands housekeeping, and adds—"None but a respectable mistress, who wishes to leave her servant in uninterrupted discharge of her duties, need apply." What a competition there must be among the mistresses for the model servant!

Physicians in England, it seems, are liable to be called upon to do double duty in their professional visits. Not long ago a lady residing at Putney (on Thames) had occasion to call in the family doctor. Before he left the house she asked him to wait for a few minutes, as she wanted his advice upon a peculiar matter. He waited, and presently the lady reappeared, followed by a domestic bearing a large piece of beef. It was set down before the doctor. "Oh, Mr. ——," said the lady, "I'm so terribly alarmed by this cattle plague, that I'm almost afraid to cook any thing in the way of meat. I've my suspicions about this sirloin. Now, just look at it, and tell me whether it has had the plague or not." "My dear Madam," replied the doctor, "I don't understand that kind of patient. I'm not a veterinary surgeon, you see. I don't attend cases of beef! I could only say it was good if I tasted it." The lady was in no wise taken aback. "Then come and dine with us, doctor," she said, "and if it is bad, you'll be able to tell us."

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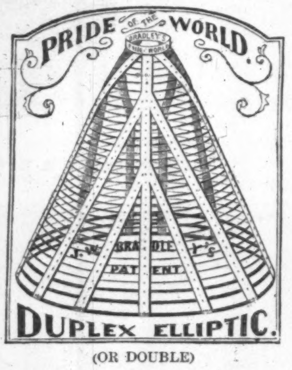

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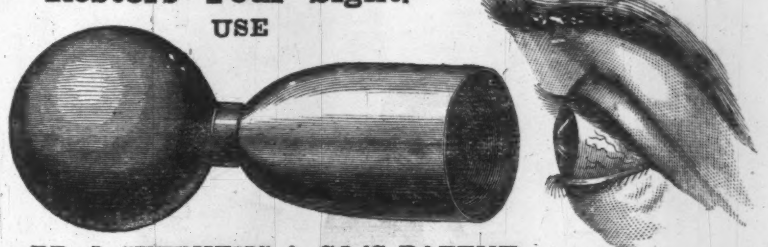

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